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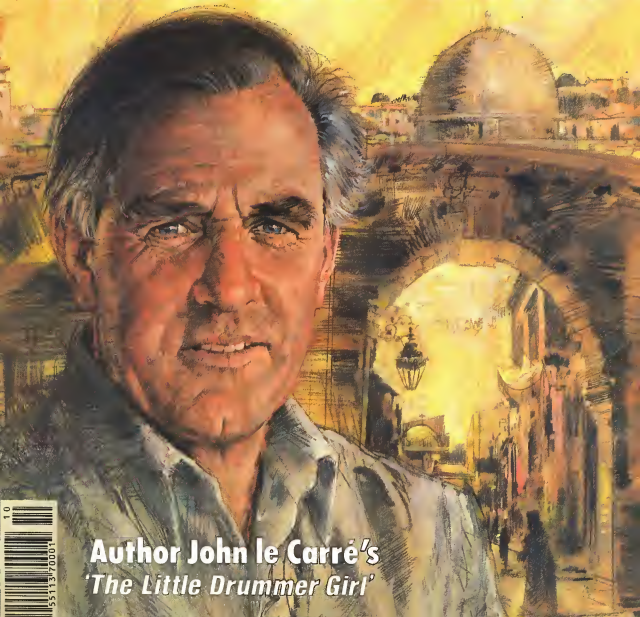
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

# Maclean's

MARCH 7, 1983

\$1.25

## The Trail of Terror



**Author John le Carré's**  
*'The Little Drummer Girl'*



Critic's Choice.



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

**Maclean's**

MARCH 7, 1993 VOL. 16 NO. 10



#### Guns and better

While the nuclear arms issue has figured prominently in the West German election campaign, Sunday's vote will hinge on the nation's economic woes — **Page 20**



#### Travel's chaotic winter

Even though the Canada-U.S. war sale war was temporarily halted, the Canadian travel industry is still reeling from a year of cut-throat free enterprise — **Page 42**

#### COVER

##### Le Carré's trail of terror

In his new book, *The Little Drummer Girl*, John Le Carré has shifted his attention from his ruminated Cold War spy George Smiley, turning instead to the latest terrorist conflict between the Israelis and the Palestinians. *Maclean's* interviewed Le Carré to analyze both the new novel and the faculty honest creative mind behind his stories. — **Page 46**

COVER: GUY LAWRENCE/REUTERS



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#### Scent of scandal

The storm over the G-Beige "Qualgate" affair rocked the Commons, but Mike Lubowski rejected calls for his resignation and Liberals rallied to his defence. — **Page 14**



#### The joker is wild

In *The King of Comedy*, director Martin Scorsese focuses on an aspiring comedian with delusions of grandeur to show the psychosis of celebrity obsession. — **Page 52**



## Power and profit

Your Feb 21 cover story, *The Low and Corbett Black*, made most depressing reading. Inasmuch like me tend to forget that such stories are not restricted to the pages of a Robert Ludlum novel. The intrigues of the Blacks and the Humphreys leave me cold—no, chilled, when I consider that the lives of ordinary people are affected by what these men do for the sake of power and profit. Nevertheless, I can agree such headlines often go on and accept them as part of the much-vaunted free-enterprise system. What is harder to accept is what took place in the office of one of our elected representatives. Had I had the tenacity to phone the attorney general's office and demand an urgent meeting, my call, in all probability, would not have gotten past the person answering it. Conrad Black was in the minister's office within a matter of hours. If he is as an ass, it is a very disconcerting one.

—ANDREW GUN,  
Baltimore, Ont.

I gather that you feel police independence is of greater concern than police accountability. As Black is reported as saying, "We can take care of ourselves." However, most of us have no way of defending ourselves against an over-mighty police force. I remind you that it is not just if a defendant wins his case but is released financially in the process. Since there are individuals who lack good judgment, there must be proper machinery to ensure police accountability. We do not care how it is.

—D.J. BIRCH,  
Mississauga, Ont.

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Boardroom chess: like a Ludlum novel

## Safety and sanity: a malaise?

I was deeply offended by the comments of Arthur Lesser in your Feb 14 issue (*Why Our MPs Phil Do, Q&A*). As a Canadian temporarily living in a country where the "safe, sane and sane" places are all too hard to find, I object to Canadian life being criticized for having these very desirable qualities. Furthermore, "malaise" is a word we must never use to describe ourselves as a nation.

—S. CHRIS PATTAR,  
Kensington, Md.

During my interview with Arthur Lesser, the elderly historian came thundering through with great good sense. He has diagnosed our national malaise with the skill of Sir William Osler. I just hope that this candid critique inspires us all to strive for a greater sense of nationalism.

—DON DUMVILLE,  
Markham, Ont.

## Misgivings about child rearing

At last, an editorial about parenthood is coming out of the closet, expressed most cogently by some of those who have been there (*The New Parent Trap*, *Behavior*, Feb 21). Let us pray that parents with misgivings about their role find the strength, both in themselves and through community resources, to deal positively with child rearing. But let us make sure we do not judge them harshly for having these feelings. Each parent has individual needs and sources of fulfillment which we should respect. For an increasing number of adults, parenthood is not a use of them. There are as many selfish—and selfless—reasons for having children as for not having them.

—LINDA BRIAN FINE,  
Thornhill, Ont.

## PASSAGES

DEED: U.S. playwright Thomas Lanier (Truman) Williams, 71, is Manhattan (page 61)

DEED: Sir Adrian Boult, 93, the distinguished English conductor who championed the music of his countrymen Ralph Vaughan Williams, Edward Elgar, Gustav Holst and William Walton, after a long illness, in a nursing home near London. Boult was best known for his 20-year association with the London Symphony Orchestra, which he led from its founding in 1900, and the London Philharmonic, which he conducted until 1967.

DEED: Robert Payne, 71, the prolific author of more than 100 books, best known for his highly praised biographies of such subjects as Greta Garbo, Adolf Hitler and Alexander the Great, after a stroke and heart attack, in a Bermuda hospital, on Feb. 18. Born in England, Payne studied in South Africa, France and West Germany, taught English in China and worked in India before emigrating to the United States in 1946. He wrote an average of two books a year, sometimes using pseudonyms such as Valentin Tikhonov and Richard Carver for his mysteries, novels and literary books.

DEED: Edward (Fast Eddie) Peck, 55, the famed pool shark portrayed by Paul Newman in the 1961 movie *The Hustler*, of lung cancer, in a San Jose, Calif., hospital. Peckley earned a spot in *Stripling's* *Shower* in *Not a Girl* when he looked and ran the table an amateur with a score of 118-9. Newman's movie opponent was Hald Walker Wanderer (J. Minnesota Fats), played by Jackie Gleason, but in real life Fast Eddie and Peck never competed.

DEED: John Fay, 88, the Canadian publishing executive who pioneered door-to-door sales of magazine subscriptions, of a heart attack, in a Toronto nursing home. Under his reign as a circulation director for Continental Publishing Co. after the First World War, *Everyman's World* became the first Canadian magazine to top circulation of 100,000. He worked for Maclean's Hunter from 1953 until he retired in 1965.

DESIGNED: Ye Jianying, 88, the army marshal and former defence minister who was China's most influential military figure, from the position of chairman of the National People's Congress, the country's central parliament, Ye, who has been in poor health recently, was one of those responsible for bringing down Mao Tse-tung's widow, Jiang Qing, as the 1976 internal party coup

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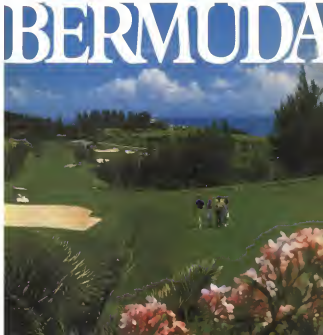
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#### Pay TV shows a viewer's choice

I cannot understand why there has been such an upsurge of protest about First Choice pay TV's announcement that Playboy shows will be part of their programming (A Hard Choice for Viewers, Canada, Jan. 31). My advice is that if one finds Playboy's shows objectionable, don't watch them. I think the announcement that hosting events will be shown on pay TV should be the focus of more attention. I personally find boxing obscene. Even so, I really do not have to tune it in, do I? The viewers will ultimately decide what they want and do not want to watch. —A. ALAN STINEY, Unsworth, Ont.

Women's groups and their followers protesting against such pornography video outlets as Red Hot Video (The London Free Press, Canada, Dec. 4) and the proposed erotic programming on First Choice pay TV have been featured prominently in the news recently. It seems that these protesters have jumped on the wrong bandwagon. Outrageous remarks like "The same attitude that makes Playboy pornography makes 'hard' movies pornography" is tantamount to suggesting that chewing bubblegum leads to heroin addiction. In any case, they have missed the most obvious, and probably the most effective, methods of protest—simply, don't purchase Red Hot Video and don't subscribe to First Choice. I take offense at this very vocal minority trying to force its narrow world on the rest of society. A dictionary definition of obscene is "offensive to the senses, disgusting, loathsome, foul." Sex, to some degree, is and always has been a sensitivity, whereas war and murder are not and never have been. Unnecessary violence is always obscene. Sex is not. People should make their protest much more positive and constructive. Their time, effort and money would be much better spent supporting the call for international disarmament. Nuclear holocaust is clearly the ultimate obscenity.

—LAWRENCE H. BALL,  
Barrie, Ont., B.C.

#### The NFL until proven guilty

In The Mob, a Death and the NFL (Sports, Jan. 28) your writer assumes until the media an incompetence and authority akin to the historical right of kings. A mediocre journalistic effort by merit, complete with paid informers, resulted in transomons and allegations about fixing games. With his serene logic, your writer concludes, "The only option left to the NFL is to prove that the charges are unfounded or to take them seriously and begin a rapid housecleaning." To the contrary, being shav-

ered by the media does not criminalize an individual or a league. The ones it is the legal authorities to prove their case in courts of law, if such a case indeed exists, and also the media to practice its craft with more professionalism and responsibility than that exhibited by PBS.

—RONALD KUSTRA,  
Edmonton

#### L. Ron Hubbard wrote home

Thank you for issuing the ET-type message to L. Ron Hubbard suggesting that he "phone home" (People, Dec. 13, 1982). He responded to your call in no uncertain terms. In a taped New Year's message played to Scientologists around the globe on Dec. 31, he sounded in better form than ever when he described some of his recent lighter and more enjoyable activities (writing science fiction and composing music). On Feb. 10 a letter was made public from Hubbard to Judge John L. Cole of a Los Angeles court. The letter was in Hubbard's own handwriting and bears a set of his fingerprints. It has been fully authenticated by several independent experts as being from Hubbard and is dated Feb. 5, 1983. The judge immediately ordered that it be made part of the official court record. It is tough to protect your privacy in these days of video-tapes and instant communication, but, rest assured, Ron is continuing to answer his calls to phone home.

—CAROLINE CHALABZOGIAN,  
President,  
Church of Scientology,  
Toronto

#### Free to criticize Malaysia

After reading the Canada article The Price of Solace in your Jan. 14 issue, I am prompted to write to you. The article gave a wrong and misleading impression of Malaysia. The Malaysian government never jails its critics, as alleged by the writer. We have opposition parties and opposition members of parliament who are free to criticize the government in and outside parliament. Members of the public are similarly free to express their opinions and criticisms. Admittedly, there are a number of people who have been jailed or detained. But these are people who have been considered to be acting in a manner prejudicial to the security of the country. They have been found to be engaged in subversive and Communist terrorist activities, which have led to many people being killed or maimed. The Malaysian government itself does not wish to have this law but is obliged to do so in view of the threat posed by the Communist party, which has avowed to overthrow the elected government through violent, armed strug-

gle. As regards the presence of a very large number of Malaysian students of Chinese origin in Canada, the situation arises due to a lack of places in Malaysian universities and the government's priority to reserve some places for rural students who, otherwise, are not in the financial position to study abroad. The presence of the Malaysian students in Canada and in other countries is, in fact, a reflection of the government's liberal view.

—ROSLAN AHMAD,  
Second Secretary,  
High Commission of Malaysia,  
Ottawa

#### For us all: Trudeau, please go!

Regarding Dean Cohen's column *Lead Us or Leave, Prime Minister* (Jan. 24) I came to this country in 1967, when Canada and its people were high on Expo and themselves. The next year Trudeau took over, and now my adapted and beloved country seems to have sunk into a swamp of despair and angry—divided, dissatisfied, cowering from crisis to catastrophe. The day Cohen's column appeared I was laid off from my management administration job of 15 years through no fault of my own. I adore this country and its people, but workers and businessmen tell me there is little hope under the present government, which we seem powerless to change. So, for all of us, and our country, Trudeau, please go.

—MARY NOTLEY,  
Edmonton, Ont.

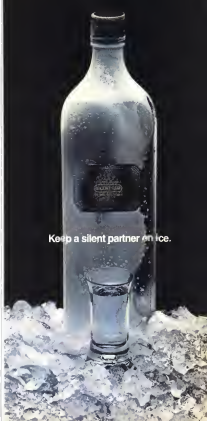
#### Free Scharansky

I must commend your correspondents on an excellent report (*Keeping the Premier On, World, Feb. 7*) on the serious condition of Anatoly Scharansky, Jewishborn in his prison cell in Chagatog in the U.S.S.R. All of us in the West look forward to the day when Anatoly will be released to join his wife in Israel.

—SAMUEL ROSENKOPF,  
Director,  
Committee for Soviet Jewry,  
Ontario Region,  
Toronto

#### Imperial Oil pro-competitive

I am very concerned about the article that *Maclean's* chose to publish on recent hearings before the federal inquiry into the petroleum industry (Big Oil: Exposed for Break, *Business*, Jan. 24). In discussing Imperial Oil's gasoline supply contract with Bony's International Inc., *Maclean's* takes its readers some time to make a rather flimsy case about the arrangement but then goes on to use expressions that, it seems to me, might be taken as strong hints at anti-competitive activities on the part of Imperial. Your reporter achieves this ef-



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J. A. Henckels Zwillingswerk

fect by writing with elaborate routine about certain hypothetical situations, noting that "it is conceivable" that Imperial could sue Bury's to "discipline" other dealers and pointing out that if Imperial sued "an enormous court docket could ensue," it would leave the corporation open to charges of predatory pricing." That last point is true, obviously, and so such charges have been laid against Imperial. But it worries me that a casual reader might conclude from this vivid description of imaginary situations that Imperial, in its arrangement with Bury's, did so-

teadily act in a noncompetitive way. We most certainly have not. The implication is that Imperial could somehow sue Bury's to undercut independent dealers and drive them out of business. But, in point of fact, Imperial's contract with Bury's is carefully designed to prevent anything of this nature from occurring. The basic terms of the contract were made clear at the public hearing. Bury's acts as an agent for Imperial in gasoline sales and generally is free to post its own pump prices. Imperial reserves the right to approve these prices when they are at very low market levels. This pro-

viding is decidedly pro-competitive in its intent: it is designed to give Imperial the assurance that Bury's is meeting competitive and not pricing in a predatory manner. —DONALD H. PROSSER, Manager, Trade Practices Inquiry, Imperial Oil Ltd., Toronto

#### Lead substitutes used in U.S. gas

The Environment article Lead Pipes on the Tank (Jan. 17) elicited a letter from Dr. H.D. Gesser of the University of Manitoba's chemistry department in which he stated that the tetraethyl lead substitute called MTM "is not used in the United States because of its potentially toxic effects." This statement is not true. In fact, MTM has been used for a number of years in smoking gasoline in the United States. —JOHN S. WOOD, Calgary

#### Wages due to the poor

Usually I am tolerant when your writers contribute something with which I do not agree, but why do you let Barbara Amiel deal with Christianity when she obviously lacks even a minimal knowledge of the Bible (*How Churches Go Astray*, Feb. 10)? Bishop James De Roo, for instance, does not have to borrow Marxist theory. "The needs of the poor have priority over the words of the rich" is a rather tame way of saying what the Apostle James wrote: "And now, you rich people, listen to me!" You have piled up riches in these last days. You have not paid the wages to the men who work in your fields. Hear their complaints! And the cries of those who gather in your crops have reached the ears of God, the Lord Almighty." —ANDREW WOODS, VERMILION, Washington, Ont.

Amiel should finally admit to herself who and what she really wants to be, which will permit her to leave the closet and Canada and present herself to the Americans as the renegade of Joseph McCarthy. —PHILIP S. COVELL, Windsor, Ont.

Many church leaders are saying that a rather common man can participate in the needs of the majority of people in the world and that, somehow, we have to find a new economic order. Perhaps it is humane and just, and not necessarily Marxist, to be concerned that the needs of the poor be met before the wants of the rich. —ANNEKE STOKES, Toronto

*Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply home address and telephone number. Most correspondence in letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 443 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5G 1A7.*

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Singapore's bustling harbor: an island country that has grown strong largely by maintaining a certain low-level paranoia.

#### DATELINE: SINGAPORE

## A paradise haunted by dark fears

By Daniel Burnstein

Confucius died 2,500 years ago but he is experiencing a popular re-birth in the tiny island republic of Singapore. Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, whose personal efforts to complete the Confucian model of a benevolent yet authoritarian scholar and ruler are no secret, has called for a national campaign to teach Confucian precepts in the schools and to popularize Confucian morality in the press and in government institutions. Ironically, Lee is invoking the ancient sage's principles of gentility and benevolence just as Singapore emerges as one of the world's most modern metropolises and as a rival to Hong Kong as Asia's financial capital.

Clearly, the 58-year-old Lee enjoys the spectacle of the island's construction boom, its thriving stock market and the proliferation of high technology. But he also worries about the breakdown of traditional Chinese values that he accompanied the frenetic growth in the West. Whether Confucian thought is the proper antidote to the evils Lee sees—moral laxness, excessive materialism and the decline of the family structure—is far from certain. In promoting

Singapore's ancient Chinese roots, however, government officials hope to avoid the social dilemmas that have wracked other fast-track Third World countries in their leap to prosperity. Singapore is a clockwork society that has, until now, thrived on organization of daily life. Twenty-five years ago the 268-square-mile island was a British colonial possession of filthy streets and ap-

prache appear to be uncorrupted, but Lee and his People's Action Party (PAP) worry a great deal.

One of their chief fears is precisely the fact that this young generation does not know how hard it was for Singapore to achieve what it has and how difficult it will be to maintain prosperity, let alone growth. In fact, the prime minister has already been forced to advise Singaporeans that 1985 economic growth will be only six to eight per cent. These are statistics that most Western leaders would be happy to announce. But for Lee, who knows his people have come to expect 10-per-cent growth as their natural birthright, the figures raise a question: is it for its first real setback in years.

Still, Singapore thrives on adversity or what Cheong Yip Seng, a prominent Singaporean journalist, calls a certain "David-against-Goliath mentality." Lee's efforts to paint a picture of grave dangers posed to the island by Soviet expansionism or by the invasion of the West are matched only by the PAP's attacks on the recently elected Benjamin Franklin, Singapore's first opposition member of Parliament since 1965. Jaya, as he is known, is the subject

**There is concern that the rebirth of Confucianism will encourage the notion of a subordinate role for women**

pressed coffee drinkers. Although the city-state of fewer than 2.5 million people has not stopped performing soccer rituals since it gained independence in 1963, the remains in the West is forcing the country to master all its scientific resources to survive the current slump in exports of such products as clothing and light manufactured goods. Singapore's young success



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of violent ritual denunciations and frequent half-page headlines in the nonofficial Singapore Straits Times. Overseas Derek Davis, the editor of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*: "Singapore has grown as strong as it has largely by maintaining a certain low-level paranoia." Davis believes that, in a very Confucian tradition, the Singapore leadership is willing to exert considerable flexibility and diversity within the rule in order to govern by consensus. But with such consensus established, any opposition from the outside is considered almost treasonous.

Some of Lee Kuan Yew's fears may be overstated. But most are not. Having established the second-highest standard of living in Asia after Japan, with an economic system that conservative economists such as Milton Friedman uphold as the indication of free-market capitalism, Lee is aware of the problems that may lie ahead. Corruption, alienation and a loss of national identity have gone hand-in-hand with development and the breakdown of traditional societies all over the Third World. Drives of political succession have shaken many developing states whose leaders had institutionalized themselves after leading their people to independence, as Lee has. Singapore also faces growing competition within Asia from other developing countries learning from the past it has bleeded. South Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan and mainland China can all now provide many of the same goods and services that Singapore can offer, with far lower labor costs. The lack of a substantial domestic market for its goods makes Singapore even more vulnerable than others to changes in the international economy.

The prime minister has advanced the

Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew is a risk.



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ideal of a "holistic, comprehensive, but realistic" society. But a 1991 opinion poll revealed that Singaporeans' biggest concerns were better jobs, better pay and more consumer goods. From shanty among affluent society to stress-buried smog children conditioned by their parents and the government to strive for the highest marks, Singapore is facing up to the myriad of social differences that accompany wealth.

To meet the tough challenges ahead, Lee has devised a number of programs. Economically, the Singapore government launched a "restructuring" plan in 1979. The Economic Development Board was empowered to take measures to encourage foreign investment in "smashdown industries"—textiles and light industrial goods—and promote instead high-tech and high-value industries, such as computers and petroleum refining. Wages were deliberately boosted to make Singaporean unattractive to those simply looking for cheap labor. Out of annual wage increases of 20 per cent, four per cent was withheld to create funds for skills training in that smashdown



Singaporeans socialize, accompanied by their pet birds, a miracle

market. The government also began to organize traditional Chinese street games for the young. It has launched a huge cleanup of the media's financial structures in an effort to keep many-brother Chinese publishing alive in a society that is following Lee's own instincts in finding itself gravitating naturally toward English, the language of high tech and high finance.

This year and next Lee will strive to

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Chinatown markets, pigs' intestines and death houses



It is in dealing with social problems that Lee's regime has been the most daring—and the least successful. From promotion of public housing to complex efforts to sort out Singapore's tower of babel by encouraging speakers of numerous Chinese dialects to learn standard Mandarin and the whole island to learn English, Lee's thinking involves the classroom, the newspaper, the daily press and public events. Eager to progress but afraid to lose leading cultural traditions, Lee has tried to meet the onslaught of videotapes and Remy Williams by encouraging neighbor-

hoods. Confucianism, steady of values, is to be made mandatory in the school system, although students will have their choice of studying Islam, Hinduism, the Bible, or Confucianism. The government is also promoting the publishing of Confucian works and public dissemination of Confucian values—from the engendering loyalty to the state to filial piety—is being omitted. Despite powerful allied encouragement for the program, Singaporeans have shown little enthusiasm for it. While some have expressed concern over the political implications of teaching Confucianism in the schools, others caution that the doctrine will encourage the notion of a subordinate role for women. "If

the government is so concerned with preserving traditions, why doesn't it stop tearing down buildings in Chinatown?" asks one Chinese merchant who sells herbal medicines in the smoky crevices of old shophouses known as "Chinatown," in the midst of a city of almost two million Chinese, where you can still buy snakes and pigs' intestines and where "death houses," in which the elderly rest space until they die, still exist.

But as the traditional ways of life slip still farther out of view, the government is trying to prepare for rapid changes, fearing the kinds of political tremors engendered by economic development in Iran and other Middle East countries. Closer to home, Malaysia, with which Singapore lives in symbiosis after centuries of estrangement that shattered their federation in 1963, is simultaneously experiencing a development boom and a Maoist revival which is already approaching fruition.

Prosperity and happiness, two great Confucian ideas, are supposed to go hand-in-hand. Lee Kuan Yew and his lieutenants have earnestly assured Singapore of continued material well-being. They may indeed risk the computer revolution in levels of prosperity equal to or higher than the standards in the developed world. As for happiness, that is far from guaranteed. ☐



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## FOLLOW-UP

### Angels with heavy wings

When the New York-based Guardian Angels announced plans last August to set up a Toronto chapter, the city's police and municipal officials vigorously denied any need for the band of volunteer crime fighters to patrol downtown streets and sidewalks. Still, Angel founders Curtis Shiva, 35, and his 29-year-old wife, Lisa, argued that their presence was justified because they had received more than 300 letters from fearful Torontonians. The public clamor has now faded, and the number of recruits has dwindled. Of the 180 people who began the 12-week training period last September, only 52 remained as graduation day, Dec. 20.

Seven months after the Angels arrived in Toronto, the accomplishments of the young, clean-cut band of students, salesmen and office workers remain unclear. In the United States, where 4,000 Angels in red berets and white T-shirts patrol the streets of 43 cities, the group has logged 338 citizens' arrests since its founding four years ago. But no such exploits attract to the crime-mooring saloons of the Canadian east coast, which also includes a seven-member Windsor, Ont., chapter and 325 uniformed recruits in Montreal. For her part, Lisa Shiva, who faces a court appearance next month on charges of illegally trespassing and soliciting recruits in Nathan Phillips Square, says Toronto Angels guided anxious pedestrians through a near riot at Yonge and Dundas streets on New Year's Eve. But police Sgt. William Durlson says that there was simply a traffic jam in the area. Angel Ed Scarpio, a 25-year-old broadcasting student, says that the passengers have now broken up "five or six fights," including a recent one at the St. George subway station. Yet Joseph Heaney, Toronto Transit Commission superintendent of security, explains that "the situation was handled quickly and well by six TTC employees."

Scarpio maintains that the Angels provide a valuable "visual deterrent." Nicholas Dupuis, 30, the owner of Moon's Deli on Parliament Street, agrees. "When I see them walking up and down outside my store, I don't worry much about people breaking in to take my money," he says. Still, the question remains: how many people have seen the red berets in action? Toronto's Mayor Art Eggleton, who declined a request to address the graduating Angels last December, notes that their profile has been low. "I haven't

heard anything about them lately," he says. The Angels have, however, drawn a strong response in Regent Park, in the east end of the city, where youths have pelted them with bottles.

The Guardian Angels continue to maintain that Toronto is troubled by rampant crime. But Deputy Police Chief Jack Martin disagrees. In fact, he says there was a drop in most crimes last year. Still, Shiva remains unconvinced. "Bogus!" she says. "We are an embarrassment to the police because they take our very presence here as evi-



Scarpio: Improvised crime-mooring saloons.

dence that they are not doing the job they are supposed to be doing."

While Toronto's Angels appear to be undaunted in their trials, the group's problems aren't modest when compared to those of the Windsor contingent. That band of Angels has shrunk to seven members from a 20-member high last September, as disenchanted members separated the diamonds from those who, as patrol leader Randy Borwick puts it, "wanted to take karate lessons for free." Admits Borwick, an 18-year-old student, "It's hard to avoid the fallouts. There will be 50 nights of nothing before you finally get some action. But there are always people being ripped off. There is no way people can deny that no one needed." And, it appears, there is no way to prove it either.

—BINA MEYER, with Jessica Carlin in Toronto

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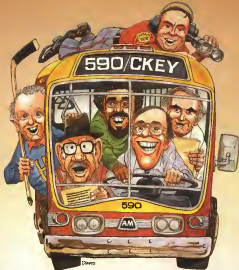
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Judging by his own silly, Vigiotta took the idea of love 'em and leave 'em to the outer limits. While some men treaded down the front steps with bowing tails in authentic scotch, while some knelt themselves after dinner and bowed for the neighbor hood trough, while some built bird feeders in the basement or painstakingly pin-striped their Canezans, Giovanni Vigiotta was proposing matrimony to one woman or another and, evidently, doing a splendid job of it. So often did Vigiotta hear the word "Yes" that he must have thought the very heavens

### COLUMN

## The high mullah of heartbreak

By Fred Bruzzone

Giovanni Vigiotta is a huffy man who claims to have married 105 women, and in his story, some would say, you can find everything that has gone wrong with America. It is quite all right to have married two, three or six women, but 105 is excessive—it is a greedy and wasteful number of women to have married, a number suggesting total loss of perspective and cavalier disregard for natural resources, a number so excessively arrogant that passers-by surely will insist that this fellow, this middle-aged Vigiotta, could operate nowhere but in a country that developed fruit-flavored underwear and the motorized surfboard. One hundred and five wives? Why not? In America there is no conscience. There is not even this afternoon.

Importantly, arrogance, disparage. We are a snarled people. Far, far before Vigiotta, the ladies had worn Joe American men the ones who, peering a few acres apiece which to establish Camp Democracy, wanted half a continent from the original titleholders.

Americans took such a shine to God that they drafted Him like a running back out of Penn State and believed: "He's on our side! God's on our side!" Convinced that clear air served no particular purpose (see could not sell it in six-packs, after all, or pour it over bread from), Americans invented automobile exhaust and then the Davis Air Peewee. If the sky fell in Los Angeles, it would drop only two or three feet.

Now comes Vigiotta. Not enough that our owners carry pertle to reduce the size of Guatemala, or that our owners have achieved the disaster of pizza, or that our budget deficit has more commas than the average Russian novel. To our inventory of trouble we must add Giovanni Vigiotta, scater extramarital.

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were echoing their assent. Yes, Giovanni, yes, yes, yes.

For his considerable efforts, Vigiotta was rewarded. Not only did he avoid their love, women, and heartache, but their money too—in substantial amounts. Vigiotta's acquaintances revealed itself to Patricia Ann Gardner, 43, of Mesa, Ariz., two weeks after the couple married on Nov. 16, 1981. Without discussion, her new husband withdrew and so did \$38,500 in cash and property. Gardner, duly philosophical, recognizes her folly. "The romance was quick and the courtship short," she says. "I made an impulsive decision." Forcibly, Gardner made another decision regarding Vigiotta: she was going to haul him straight into court.

At the trial in Phoenix prosecutors portrayed the defendant as cad and charlatan, a high mullah of heartbreak. "Beguery is merely something this man does to perpetuate a fraud," said David

**'To have married 105 women is greedy and wasteful and suggests a cavalier disregard for natural resources'**

Staller, a deputy county attorney. "To use marriage to use the values of the family in this way is, I think, despicable." Despicable is what others thought as well. Sharon Clark, 45, of Indiana testified that she also married Vigiotta in 1981 and that she, too, got the standard two-week notice. When, at school, Vigiotta made himself scarce, Clark said, she was precisely \$49,800 the poor. A year earlier, Joan Escarilla, 46, of New Jersey complained, she was similarly thing still tentatively married to her estranged husband. Escarilla could not become a full-fledged Vigiotta but she did form a powerful attachment to the new man in her life. Simultaneously, she said, the new man was forming a powerful attachment himself—to \$40,000 worth of merchandise from her recent clothing store. Using the family van as a getaway car, Vigiotta abandoned her in Florida. Escarilla said, prompting a belated epiphany: "I realized I had been victimized, and my prince turned into a frog."

Progress of this magnitude is a serious crime and Vigiotta's disregard of bigamy and fraud, "Both crimes,"

Gardner observed with delight. He was just a bit, it seemed, and he had deceived one woman too many. That he was a fraud and a charlatan and a beguiling anomaly was of little interest in authority, that he was, perhaps, the best in his business, an artist, did not sway the jury. On the stand Vigiotta acknowledged his feckle nature but denied fleeing the women he left behind. Otherwise, he said, only way he had been different—that he was born of Russian parents in Sicily, that his family was killed by Nazis when he was eight, that, alone, he had travelled the globe. His real name, Vigiotta said, was Nikolai Perovskoi.

An intriguing story, a moving story, but, according to prosecutors, a story like too many others told by Vigiotta entirely unaccompanied by facts. The defendant was no more Nikolai Perovskoi than he was Yuri Andropov or, by the way, Giovanni Vigiotta. He was, instead, a native New Yorker, born in 1938 (not 1939, as stated), and his name was perfectly suited to his pastime, a name Dickens might have chosen for this stout and snippy character. The defendant was Frederick Hipp Hipp the City American, every inch.

Right, the belated country. Who will believe that there is a sober side to our nature—that some of our citizens prefer malar to Perrier, that some save paper bags and recycle eyeglasses into mullin? Sed, just as it is, the honest people who beat with salt and the softest patriotic exulting tuffs who capture the imagination. Attention is paid to only the flamboyant few, the Vigiottas, the Hyes, muck, free spotters and fanatics. The every advance—every hero who flashes his teeth only twice a day or learns to darn his woolen socks or rolls (replace) logs out of newspapers—there are a hundred athletes, a hundred reformers in this \$35,000 nation. The every advance—every hero who flashes his teeth only twice a day or learns to darn his woolen socks or rolls (replace) logs out of newspapers—there are a hundred athletes, a hundred reformers in this \$35,000 nation. No matter that Billy's was the proportions of an arena or that the crowd numbered 5,896, Merle was buying. What, one may ask, is left to say? What can save us now? Rats, yes, set them up.

Fred Bruzzone is a writer with Nevada in New York.



Keith Rich  
Mornings

Bob Payne  
News at 5 & 9

Joe Morgan  
News at 7

Pete McGarvey  
News at 8

Bob Rice  
Traffic  
Sports at 5

Jim Hunt  
Sports at 4

# Uncommon scent of scandal

By Mary Junigan

**D**espite determined Liberal efforts to change the subject, the Gillespie-Lalonde affair dominated the House of Commons for the second week running as opposition MPs pressed for the resignation of Finance Minister Marc Lalonde—and he once again refused. The campaign against Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's strongest minister triggered vicious parliamentary battles over linked or hidden documents, an admission by Trudeau that he misled the House, charges of dishonesty, protestations of innocence and memoranda of a political blood feud that has spanned almost two decades.

On one side were the Conservatives, joined by the New Democrats, who rallied for a probe into the April 4, 1981, announcement by Ottawa and Nova Scotia that they would contribute as much as \$1 billion to a consortium formed by former federal energy minister Alvin Gillespie. The focus of opposition was the fact that Gillespie had won the deal less than two years after his departure from cabinet, an apparent violation of Trudeau's personnel guidelines designed to keep former officeholders at arm's length from departments they once ran. Stung by the damaging opposition refrain that Lalonde dealt after Lalonde with public money, government MPs closed ranks behind Lalonde. They insisted that Gillespie had sided so far in favor as he proposed a feasibility study into a scheme to convert Cape Breton coal into gasoline and fired fuel. The rival perspectives made for two armed camps—with explosives planted by Mike St. Erth Nielsen in his first bold move as they inform parliamentary leader.

In spite of their tough front, the Liberals were damaged by last week's dramatic series of revelations and admissions. In fact, the government was paralyzed. First, Deputy Prime Minister Al-



Lalonde, getting a standing ovation; Nielsen (below) confronts, charges and protests

lan MacEachern carried his opponents by denouncing Trudeau's conduct of interest guidelines as "just that, guidelines." They are up to the conscience of the individual. Then, former Tory leader Joe Clark launched a controversial cabinet briefing memo that stated that Gillespie's scheme would require taxpayer support ranging from \$500 million to \$604 million and that such permanent job created by the coal liquefaction project would cost a staggering \$1.50 million. By midweek Trudeau, fresh from a Caribbean summit meeting at St. Lucia (page 38), stunned the Commons with the barest admission that Lalonde agreed had known about the Gillespie consortium in January 1982—but that he had forgotten about his involvement in the planning. Just two weeks earlier Trudeau had insisted in the Com-

mons that Lalonde could not possibly have shown special favor to Gillespie because the deal energy minister had not known about the deal until the agreement was ready for his signature in September, 1981. That crucial date change—coupled with documentation released by Energy Minister Jess Chelley—set off a furor as Commons would be both opposition parties. And, although the government

handily defeated an opposition call for a two-week-long probe into the affair, the Liberals were slowly shaken.

In the often dizzying rhetoric of the daylong debate, at least one thing was apparent: Gillespie had lobbied the department he headed from 1975 until his defeat in the 1979 federal election—and thus violated at least the spirit, if not the letter, of the conflict of interest guidelines. Under those rules, pro-

posed by Trudeau in 1978 and expanded in 1980, former ministers are barred from lobbying the department or agency under their charge for two years after leaving the office. As well, Lalonde, his dealings with Gillespie, agreed to breach another guideline, which states that ministers must "not provide grounds or the appearance of grounds for allegations of improper influence, privileged access or preferential treatment." Ironically, the 1978 guidelines were drawn up largely in response to the controversial move by former Ontario minister John Torbay and his deputy minister, Simon Heitman, into the private sector. In the latest incident—dubbed Gaultier-opposition and government members played out the fray by citing the dates and the appropriate government documents, which were tabled in the Commons. The chronology:

**May 14, 1980**—In the wake of previous meetings with the Nova Scotia energy minister, Ronald Berkhouse, Gillespie meets with Nova Scotia Premier Les Buchanan to present a proposal entitled "Coal Liquefaction—A National Priority for Atlantic Canada." The rationale for the program arose out of a coal substitution policy that Gillespie himself devised as energy minister. Because of the premier's enthusiasm, Gillespie also requests a meeting with federal Deputy Energy Minister Marshall (Mickey) Colvin.

**May 27, 1980**—Cohen and Gillespie meet after federal bureaucracy Bill Cohen that funding could probably be found from the jointly administered Ottawa-Nova Scotia oil shale facility fund. The \$9.2-million fund was started with an injection of federal cash in 1977.

**Oct. 19, 1980**—Gillespie forms a consortium that eventually includes six partners. He puts up \$25,000 and, under the terms of the deal, if he sells out, his partners will pay Gillespie \$250,000. If they buy him out, he will get \$900,000 or "his value"—whichever is less-plus an extra \$250,000.

**Jan. 18, 1981**—An assistant deputy minister writes Lalonde under Cohen's signature to jog his memory about the Gillespie deal ("You will recall"). He says that, in anticipation of the formation of Gillespie's consortium, Ottawa actually earmarked \$1 million in the Oct. 28 budget, which announced the National Energy Program. Gillespie was eventually paid from the substitution fund.

**April 2, 1981**—Lalonde signs a Treasury Board submission to pay the consortium.

**May 29, 1981**—An official memorandum from Philip Reed, federal co-chairman of the fund's management committee, states that ministers should sign the contract—an unprecedented

step because signatures by officials usually seal a deal of this nature. The officials said this move also because the project did not meet the fund's criteria. **Sept. 28**, 1981—Lalonde signs the 51-page agreement retroactive to June 30, 1981, on a day that happens to fall four weeks after the two-year provision of the guidelines has lapsed.

Naturally, the private agenda became public submission in the opposition's countering assault—and it was also branded by the Liberals in their own defense. Opposition MPs said that Gillespie received special treatment because his former officials were so selective in his needs—in fact, the agreement was marked for three or four months. The opposition also noted that MacEachern's budget included special funding for Gillespie's project and that the oil fund criteria were expanded to accommodate him.

"Liberals look after Liberals with public money," snarled Nielsen. When the normally laughery Lalonde rose to defend himself, he behaved like a man worried, bawling charges "that I was corrupt." He insisted, "I was not asked, nor did I offer, to intervene. I am not prepared to see my reputation destroyed by unfounded allegations of wrongdoing." Lalonde concluded, "If I resigned now, I would only confirm the vicious traditions and calculations allusions." Lalonde has denied charges of conflict of interest before. In 1974 he was criticized for accepting a free flight to Israel aboard a Israeli-man jet while he was minister of charge of federal policies dealing with liquor advertising.

In Parliament, the Liberals charged that Nielsen was merely repeating an 1984 attack on former Liberal justice minister Guy Fauriol. At the time the fiery Nielsen said that Fauriol's appointment as RCMP report into wrongdoing by other Liberals. Nielsen's subsequent judicial report criticized Fauriol and he was forced to resign his justice portfolio, the Liberals say that he was misinformed into the case. Nielsen was the one who said Nielsen will be offered no new vetoes. The success of this promise depends on Liberal stakeholders—and the hope that there are no more skeletons in the government's already brimming closet.

## Private thoughts on a public fight

During the past two weeks Minister Gillespie has come under intense fire in the House of Commons that he did when he sat there in three cabinet portfolios. Angered by the weakness of the attack, he spoke last week in an interview with Mary Junigan of Maclean's Ottawa bureau. Some highlights of their discussion:

**Conflict of interest:** "I say emphatically that I or the consortium never at any time sought preferential access or preferential treatment. I am confident in a non-partisan position now—my reputation and my integrity are being impugned by others for political motives. I feel pretty darn defenceless—a private citizen doesn't have many defenses when a politician takes place that is provided."

**The guidelines:** "I was aware of the guidelines—and I respected them. And I was not aware of the provisions of the National Energy Program, and takes of a budget line are absolute non-negotiable."

**The liquefaction scheme:** "This research has put Canadians into the forefront of liquefaction technology. So I think it's a bit of a good thing for Cape Breton—potentially very viable. When people discuss the merits of the way they say it will require government help, what about the oilfields, where companies receive tens of millions of dollars, which has often been for dry holes? This has enormous potential—20,000 barrels of fuel a day for 20 years. Where are the oilfields that can produce this?"

**His movement:** "If this is not successful, I lose the \$25,000 capital I invested, although I have been paid for my time [a \$30,000 retainer per year plus a \$500 per diem that averaged about \$40,000 per year]. If it succeeds, I say that any profit is the result of a good entrepreneurial risk-taking view. On returning to private life, I don't try to use my knowledge of government and business to make worthwhile projects happen—projects that could only happen with governments, their agencies and private business working together. That is the real story behind the project."

Gillespie, Nielsen



## Figuring in Gray's bad books

Four years ago, during their brief reign, the Conservatives began a risky new tradition in Ottawa. They transformed the annual spring ritual of releasing the government's spending estimates into an event that really mattered. Instead of mulling a welter of mystifying charts and statistics, they forced Ottawa's reluctant businessmen to give taxpayers a glimpse of the path ahead by providing five-year spending plans. It was one of their few legacies. The Liberals agreed to so continue the practice and kept their promise for two years. But last week, when the 1983-84 estimates were released, there was no sign of the five-year outlook anywhere in the 50 volumes of spending proposals known as the Blue Books. The disappointment was almost too much for Carleton University Public Administration Prof Bruce Doorn, who specializes in "auditing out class" in the future in the massive Blue Books. "The whole purpose of the estimates is to provide decision-makers with a sense of direction, but these documents tell you virtually nothing," Doorn complained.

That, in a nutshell, was the story of the 1983-84 estimates—all 4,419 pages of them. All the important signposts were missing or questionable. Not only had the five-year outlook disappeared from the Blue Books but, as well, the \$66.9-billion spending projection will be outdated the moment that Finance Minister Mags Lalande brings down his much-awaited budget in April—almost a month later than expected.

Nothing was clear or certain. The estimates reflected the lack of direction of a government and a nation pinned on the edge of a new budget. When that happens, Lalande told Liberals privately last week, new job creation efforts will be modest. Even without any new measures, he later told reporters, the country would face a deficit of at least \$25 billion in the coming year. Most economists now expect the deficit to exceed \$30 billion.

Even without the uncertainty of a budget looming, the estimates always contain a large measure of guesswork. Last year the government projected its spending at \$52.2 billion. That forecast has been increased three times since and now stands at \$81.1 billion. "The estimates have always been much too low," complains Conservative MP Don Mackenzie (Mississauga South). "We have a spending plan by a government

gone gray and we do not know where they are going."

His 100 colleagues, Nelson Riva, was even more contemptuous of the latest barrage of spending figures. "This government has made so many errors in the past 12 months that any attempt to forecast for another year would be totally futile," he said. "It simply does not have the talent, the ability or the technology to make any comment about where the economy is going."

If the estimates produced by Treasury Board President Herb Gray provide a poor road map of the way



Way with Blue Books, a risky tradition broken, back to mystifying charts

ahead, they at least make for a painfully graphic description of the path ahead. The 1983-84 Blue Books reveal a government forced by a deteriorating economy to abandon its handy plans. Two years ago the Liberals confidently predicted that economic development spending would increase at a rate of 17.3 per cent in 1983-84. Last year their forecast was scaled down to 14.4 per cent. And now the most Ottawa can afford to channel into economic expansion is 4.9 per cent more than last year—barely enough to keep pace with inflation. The reason is obvious: The money the government had hoped to use to develop new industries and push Canada to the forefront of the technological race has gone instead into unemployment insurance and welfare payments. Acknowledging that the jobless rate will remain above 12 per cent throughout 1983, the government has increased its unemployment insurance allocation by a staggering 124 per cent, to \$2.9 billion in

the coming year. "The unemployment outlook remains distressing," Gray admits.

The natural question to ask when looking at Ottawa's spending plans is "what priorities has the government chosen?" But for 1983-84 the question is irrelevant. With 1.6 million Canadians out of work, the priorities choose themselves.

Equally distressing were figures that showed that 21 cents out of every federal spending dollar will be consumed by interest charges on the government's enormous accumulated debt of \$129 billion. Deficit spending also rose—by 19.8 per cent—to pay for the 24 cr-38 fighter jets scheduled for delivery in the next year. The cost of running the

\$60.000-member federal bureaucracy is projected at \$12.9 billion, a 9.6-per-cent increase over current spending. Within four months the estimates will be completely examined, dissected, debated and approved. In fact, by June 30 all spending will be devoted to have been passed, even if all the numbers have not been examined by House members. The House of Commons and its constituents normally spend about 650 hours scrutinizing the estimates, which this year will mean that Parliament will be examining the government's spending at a rate of \$146 million per hour. Not surprisingly, that worries some MPs. "The task seems to be, and is, impossible to do well," says Vancouver MP Sam Houston. From the ordinary citizen's point of view, there is an even more staggering calculation that can be pulled out of the formidable Blue Books. In the next year alone the government plans to spend at the rate of \$19 million per hour.

—CAROL GORDON in Ottawa

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## Spurning a sunny invitation

**S**t. Lucia was a suitably exotic setting for some secret summit diplomacy—the Caribbean glittering beyond the tall windows of the conference room, Barbados and Bonaire visible flitting in the hot wind, the air conditioner not quite beating down the February heat. And for about 90 minutes last week Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and the leaders of the Commonwealth Caribbean, hosted by St. Lucian Prime Minister John Compton, outwaded their two-day agenda of aid and trade—which led to the usual platitudinous declarations—and gravely debated a potentially explosive project, the dispatch of a Commonwealth military group to the tiny Central American state of Belize. An independent Commonwealth member since Sept. 21, 1981, Belize has faced under threat of invasion by neighbouring Guatemala for decades. But Belizean Prime Minister George Price is not the only one to call for a Commonwealth defense force for his country. Macdon's has learned that for more than a year the government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has been secretly and persistently urging Canada to send troops to the former British colony. So far, Trudeau's answer has been a flat no.

The Caribbean leaders and Trudeau acknowledged that they had discussed the Belize-Guatemalan conflict. In their final communiqué the leaders reaffirmed "their full support for the territorial integrity of Belize and its efforts to conclude a lasting settlement with Guatemala." They did not discuss, however, that several of the leaders have been approached by Britain to contribute to Belize's defense. Nor did they admit

that some of them agreed to consider providing military training aid for Belize only if Britain itself promised to maintain a garrison there. The communiqué did not even acknowledge that Trudeau had resented his refusal to send a small training contingent, although he did entertain the possibility of training some Belizean soldiers in Canada.

Scarcely any British pressure on Ottawa to send a military force began until the time that Belize (formerly British Honduras) was independent in 1981. Underlying the British proposal for a Commonwealth defense force was their desire to escape the costly burden of defending Belize against the long-standing territorial claims of Guatemala.

Trudeau, Compton at a flat no



Guatemala. At a reported cost of \$60 million a year, Britain now has about 1,000 troops and several Hurricane jump jets stationed in Belize. But on the flipside a formidable army of 700 regulars and about 800 volunteers, while Guatemala has about 15,000 regular soldiers.

Ottawa was adamant in its refusal to co-operate. As a result, the British resorted to a more modest proposal last year. In a meeting with Trudeau last summer, British Foreign Secretary Francis Pym suggested a small Commonwealth military training mission for Belize—about 15 Canadians and 15 others from various Commonwealth countries. The plan was so promoted by Commonwealth Secretary-General Shridath Ramphal. But Trudeau again declined, suspecting the British of planning a kind of trap, the symbolism of just one Canadian soldier in hostilities could count Canada's addition to sending reinforcements to Belize. Instead, Ottawa offered to train a few Belizean soldiers in Canada. By chance, Ottawa had sent a Canadian Forces officer to Belize to discuss such a training scheme just before the St. Lucia meeting. Beyond that, said one official, "we are not getting into the business of defending other countries, and certainly not in Central America."

The other leaders in the closed-door St. Lucia meeting were hardly more enthusiastic. Jamaica's Prime Minister Edward Seaga said he might send a handful of instructors. But others pointed out that they could mount no more than a police force on their own small islands, much less airlift troops across the Caribbean. At least one government leader argued that even as a trip wire, his participation would be pointless because he had no army to send if Belize were attacked. Any member that Belize's Prime requested was strictly diplomatic. The leaders told him that he could inform Britain that some Caribbean states would consider sending instructors—but only if Britain kept up its garrison in Belize. At the same time, the leaders agreed to press Washington to disengage Guatemala (a U.S. aid recipient) from attacking Belize and they advised Price to lobby other Latin American countries for support.

Price has reason to feel isolated. Belize is a mainly black, English-speaking democracy that has usually felt more akin to the Caribbean than to the Latin American nearby. But for Trudeau the Belize case has only highlighted the dangers of engaging Canada in Latin American relations. And that consideration will be foremost in a few weeks when the cabinet considers Canada's membership in the Organization of American States.

—JOHN HAY in St. Lucia

## Duelling with deadly affidavits

**A**n unsolved murder case that has made headlines across Canada took another spectacular turn in a Regina courtroom last week when the lawyer for the victim's husband filed an affidavit sworn by Andrew Wilson that he believed his wife JoAnn's death was "orchestrated" by her ex-husband—prominent Saskatchewan politician Galt Thatcher. The allegation was repeated by lawyer Gerry Gerrard as his client, Wilson, sought custody of nine-year-old Stephanie Ann Thatcher, daughter of Thatcher and the late JoAnn Wilson. Thatcher's lawyer, Gerry McLeod, defended the statement as "not right and proper" and, in turn, read from an affidavit filed by Thatcher, who was not present, declaring that the allegations in Wilson's affidavit were "inaccurate."

The bizarre story began with the highly publicized 1980 divorce of Thatcher, a Conservative M.L.A. and son of former premier Ross Thatcher, and JoAnn Thatcher, who later married Wilson, a steel company executive. The divorce settlement provided a better life for each party once the couple's three children. Thatcher was given custody of his two sons—Garry and Suzanne—while Stephanie was awarded to her mother. Before that arrangement, however, JoAnn Wilson was wounded by an unknown gunman in May, 1981, and announced that she was giving up custody of Regan to his father because she feared for her safety.

The Thatcher-Wilson saga turned finally ugly and cruel. JoAnn Wilson was viciously beaten and shot to death in the family garage last January. Police are seeking an assailant sent by eye-witnesses and described as bearded and in his early 30s. The murder took place five days after Thatcher had resigned as provincial energy minister for what Premier Grant Devine termed "family and financial reasons."

At last week's court hearing, Gerrard told the judge that Wilson swore in his affidavit that he believed Thatcher was responsible for the first shooting of JoAnn Wilson and that later he and his wife were threatened by Thatcher. About a week after his wife's death, the lawyer continued, referring to the affidavit, Wilson claimed to have received a telephone call from Thatcher, who was in Los Angeles, requesting access to Stephanie. It was apparently denied and now, for Thatcher, a criminal trial on charges of abducting his daughter and public mischief is all to come.

—DALE EIDER in Regina

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McMurtry and Grossman; Nelles (below): the question remains, "who did it?"

## Baby deaths without answers

**T**he question is, who did it? Judge David Vanek was asked during a sensational preliminary hearing last month charges against Toronto nurse Susan Nelles nine months ago that there was not enough evidence to warrant the case being formally tried. Last week, with the completion of the third substantive report on the mass murder at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, no one appeared any closer to an answer. Indeed, the latest study—by the renowned Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta—may only have added to the confusion.

The Atlanta report, which followed on the heels of the inquiry by Ontario Supreme Court Judge Charles Dubin, concluded that the evidence points particularly to at least seven babies at the hospital dying of deliberately administered overdoses of the heart drug digoxin. The rash of mysterious deaths occurred during early morning hours from July, 1985, to March, 1986. The centre said that 21 other infants may have been overlooked. Adding to the confusion, the study listed one of the babies who was originally thought to have been murdered—Janice Estrella—among the 21 suspicious deaths. Moreover, exactly who this study implicated—and what, if any, new evidence it turned up—remains a mystery. Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry has refused to release the study—even to the hospital—claiming it contains information that may be damaging to certain individuals. Meanwhile, in San Antonio, Tex., last week authorities revealed that they were investigating the

possible murders of 46 children in a county hospital.

McMurtry's survey sent an already booming rumor wild into overdrive. The situation was further confused by ambiguous statements from the attorney general and police. At one point last week McMurtry said that, while he did not want to "reflect adversely" on Nelles, it was notable that there had been no murders since her arrest. "I think as people continue to debate the role of the police that one should not lose sight of that particular fact," he said. Still, questions remained about the police's handling of the case. Even after Judge Vanek exonerated Nelles at the hearing last May, he called her "an excellent nurse" with "an excellent reputation"—police continued to suggest that she remained their prime suspect.

According to Lab and Mrs. Sheila Goppe, "Nelles has been put through hell, and the only thing she's guilty of is being in the ward where the murders occurred. It's Kafkaesque." Meanwhile, in Atlanta, Dr. Clark Heath, the 40-year-old epidemiologist who headed the CDC study, said his still-unreleased report "would not support rumors pointing at her [Nelles]."

Instead, the study concentrated on proving that the deaths could not have been accidental. Heath, along with colleagues Dr. James Bashkin, 31, and two Canadian doctors—Lester Smith, with the Ontario government, and Shirley Wallace from the federal health department—spent five months examining death records and interviewing hospital staff. Heath and that they may have found some new evidence, but he acknowledged that the trial was held by the time the Atlanta team arrived in Toronto in September. In the meantime, too, there have been serious questions in scientific circles—among the Atlanta doctors themselves—about the reliability of digoxin readings taken in the saturated bodies of the victims.

Meanwhile, Susan Nelles and her former nursing team leader, Phyllis Tupper, remain on paid leave from Sick Kids hospital. Last week 39-year-old Nelles, who wants to return to nursing in some as possible, challenged McMurtry to make the Atlanta report public. "He owes the public some answers," she said. More significantly, last November Nelles launched her \$604,000 lawsuit—"malicious prosecution"—against McMurtry, Toronto Police Chief Jack Atkinson and three of his officers.

Last week Atkinson said that new charges in the hospital murders are "highly unlikely." Later, he quickly amended his comments—no immediate arrests were planned, he said, but there might be future arrests. But Atkinson's ambivalence seemed to indicate that if the police have a case against anyone it is far from airtight. Of an original 31 children in the case, four remain. They planned to coincide a final report for McMurtry this week. Early and month changes—if any—will be laid.

For those named in connection with the case, for the parents of victims, for the children left behind in hospital, for police and politicians, the worst possible outcome would be that the case would remain forever surrounded by what one happened. McMurtry provided a public inquiry. But it seems unlikely that another tour over well-covered ground will turn up any new evidence. Barring a sudden and certainly unexpected confession, it may well be that Judge Vanek's question—who did it?—will never be answered.

—SUSAN REILLY in Toronto

## The tiny perfect candidate is off

**T**hey're off. The race for the Conservative leadership is on in earnest. Delaying the "first in, first out" political maelstrom about leadership contests, former health minister David Crombie became Joe Clark's first legitimate challenger last weekend. He launched his campaign at Toronto's Harbourfront, the waterfront complex that stands as a monument to his six years as the city's "tiny perfect mayor." His goal in the 16 weeks ahead, however, will be to convince party delegates that his vision for the country extends beyond the OS Tower—which could be called a leap "10% perceived as a regional candidate and an underdog," admitted a Crombie strategist.

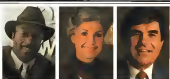
While the 69-year-old father of three made his mistakes official, the other rumored contenders for the top job were solidifying their behind-the-scenes support. Montreal businessman Jean Chrétien is expected to enter the race in mid-March, with a campaign machine revving in every province. "He'll emerge like a butterfly from a chrysalis—full-grown," said a close associate of the Iron Ox of Canada president Jean Béliveau. 58-year-old Newfoundland John Crosbie and his troops held a weekend meeting in Ottawa to assess their strength.

So far, there are four official leadership candidates: Clark, Chrétien, two long-shot contenders, 64-year-old Ebbesheim mining executive Terence Horne—who has said he would pull out if Crombie entered—and Saskatchewan contractor Alex Barker. None of them has gone through the formalities of filing nomination papers yet, because the party's newly formed election committee has not announced the rules of the June 10-12 convention.

Although conventional wisdom holds that the first candidate to challenge an incumbent leader risks appearing too hungry and too desperate to win widespread support, Crombie's workers are convinced that the race of delay is creative (in the best of ways). "We need all the time we can get to get our message out," said a senior strategist. The second reason for jumping in first was Crombie's own disposition. "He wasn't comfortable with the facade of support. You could hear his opinion, when he knew he wanted to go," explained a close friend. "It was only politeness and good manners that kept him waiting this long. He also said he would enter when the job was available but he didn't think it was probable until 1986's Winnipeg turned 100 on June of this year."

—CAROL GOAR in Ottawa

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## Quebec takes a March break

Quebec's 22,000 teachers put down their picket signs and picked up their pointers last week, temporarily ending their confrontation with the province, which kept one million students out of school for more than three weeks. But for René Lévesque's government it may only be a brief respite. The teachers vowed to go back to the picket lines on March 24 unless they get an acceptable contract.

Lalonde and his cabinet colleagues tried to pretend that the return to work signaled a return to social peace. But union organizers and Parti Québécois militants on the other hand promised otherwise. As public disgust with Bill 101—the law that ordered the teachers back to work under threat of immediate dismissal and the loss of certain civil liberties—continued to grow, other Quebecers began to feel better about the provincial government's actions, renewed their solidarity with Quebec Federation of Labor President Louis Lalonde and announced that the 360,000 members of his public and private sector unions would join a general walkout on March 30. Lalonde: "This is going to be a real battle, not just a battle of pocket lists." Canadian Labor Congress President John McCreesh offered his support.

Meanwhile, the bitter confrontation moved from the pedastal knees to the courts. Hearings began for more than 22,000 public sector workers charged with various offenses under Bills 70, 105 and 118. For the teachers, lawyer Philip Carter argued that the laws, which rolled back public service wages, imposed contracts and ultimately sent teachers back to classrooms, illegally squelch the right of assembly.

The PQ planned to swerve the political fallout at a meeting of 600 representatives of riding associations in Quebec City. Fully 12 per cent of the PQ delegates are themselves teachers, who could make the meeting an angry one. Besides being forced to defend Bill 11, Lévesque will also have to explain why he neglected to mention that the law suspended civil liberties when he briefed his caucus on its contents before its introduction in the assembly.

Although Pq functionaries attempted to downplay the limited reaction, they admitted that about 600 of 21,000 party members had handed in their membership cards in the past two months. And membership renewals, scheduled for April, are expected to drop even further—particularly if the volcano-labor situation erupts again.

—ANNE BÉGIN in Montreal



Premier Phooloo (left) and Schröder. The bad news begins, and tears go up

## Budgeting for a heavy deficit

**W**hen Manitoba's new Finance Minister Victor Schwaner brought down his provincial budget last week, Conservative Opposition Leader Sterling Lyon sported a lapel button that read: DON'T BLAME ME—I VOTED CONSERVATIVE. One reason was that Schwaner revealed that last May's estimated deficit of \$326 million had unaccountably swollen to \$430 million. And Canada's only new government had to admit that this year's deficit will jump to \$679 million.

Most of the new tax has one of the heaviest per capita debts in Canada—almost \$6,000 per person. Schneider's budget tried to ease the problem by raising corporate income tax from 15 per cent to 16 per cent. At the same time, he boosted sales taxes, which have not been raised since they were introduced in 1967, by one point to six per cent. Tax increases will also raise the price of a package of cigarettes. Despite pleas from the business community—already agitated by a recent 13-per-cent civil service pay increase in one year—the government has refused to raise the 13-per-cent payroll tax introduced last year, as well as two-three-cent duties on hotels.

Schneider's budget was of necessity a harsh one for consumers. But University of Manitoba economist John McCallum believes that his figures disguise an even more desperate situation. Said McCallum: "I can easily foresee a real deficit this year of more than \$30 million."

For the work force, however, the budget held some promise. Much of the \$14 million raised from sales and corporate tax will be poured into a \$200-million job creation fund. With 54,000 Manitoans out of work (398 per cent) and business closures increasing daily, the government is under strong pressure

But Schneider admitted that many of the job schemes are dependent on private financing by Ottawa and provincial governments. If the other levels of government do not respond, he warned, Manitoba would have to abandon the projects. If that happens, the district manager will consider taking \$70 million from the job fund to help turn the deficit. Standard and Poor's Corp., the New York City bond rating agency, is watching Schneider's moves with interest. In fact, the firm could reduce Manitoba's A+ credit rating if it concludes that spending is out of control.

For the business community, the budget may well be a watershed. Ever since the Pawley government came to power, it has stressed the need for consultation and co-operation between business, labor and government. But the budget showed all that. Said an angry Lion

McGowan, president of the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce. "In an era of deficit-and-five the government comes out with a spending increase of 17 per cent and expects business to pay for it. The government is out of tune with the times."

—PUTER CARLYLE GORDON in *Winnipeg Free Press*

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# Campaigning on guns and butter

By Peter Lewis

The real political arguments leading up to Sunday's federal elections were proclaimed in slogans that no West German voter could fail to understand. Social Democrat (SPD) leader Hans-Jochen Vogel repeatedly stressed that he was acting "in German interests." Voters had no difficulty in deciphering the implied message that on the nuclear missile issue, Vogel wants to ease away from Washington and enter a more independent course between the United States and the Soviet Union. West Germany's not-conservative chancellor, Helmut Kohl, made a pitch for cultivating ties with Washington—and for prosperity here, underselling his Christian Democrats (CDU) preference for stimulation over security as a cure for the mid-crisis currently afflicting the country's economy. Finally, there was a more blatantly political claim from Hans-Dietrich Genscher, whose Free Democrats (FPD) are severely squeezed between two big rivals. His argument: "Germany needs us."

Kohl's economic issues may overshadow the arms race. The right-wing in West Germany's most important election in more than a decade has been dominated by slick advertising campaigns and by the two issues that currently lie closest to the German heart: economic stagnation, with its human toll of more than 2.5 million jobless (11.3 per cent), and the controversial decision of whether to install U.S. cruise and Pershing II missiles on German soil at the end of the year.

For all the shallowness of the political debate, the campaign has captured the public's imagination—and the superpowers. In addition to the vital issues, interest is heightened because the main contenders, Kohl and Vogel, are both newcomers thrown into a class contest by recent scandals in West German political life and because

the international community has a stake in the outcome. Moreover, the pacifist ecological movement known as the Greens is fighting the first national election, with a good chance of electing some members to the Bundestag (parliament).

Most of the 486 seats to be decided Sunday, when nearly 40 million Germans are expected to vote, are likely to be split between Kohl's conservative alliance of the CDU and its Bavarian sister party, the Christian Social Union (CSU), on the one hand and Vogel's leftist SPD on the other. But the outcome may hinge on the fate of the two fringe parties, the FPD and the Greens, because neither the right nor the left is likely to win an absolute majority.

The latest polls give both the FPD and the Greens more than the five-per-cent support each needs to gain representation in the Bundestag under proportional representation. For their part, the main parties are running neck and neck. Kohl's alliance has 47 per cent, and Vogel's SPD is at 41 per cent. That could put Vogel in a position to form a government should the Greens reach us.

Kohl's economic issues may overshadow the arms race



the Bundestag and agree to join the socialists as a "red-green" coalition. But conventional wisdom favors Chancellor Kohl. Genscher's FPD supports Kohl's CDU-CSU alliance, and if the FPD returns in similar numbers to the Bundestag, Kohl could reform the outgoing coalition.

That Vogel can outmaneuver even a faint hope of power is a tribute to his success in winning the SPD's morale after two disastrous last October. First the party was evicted from power when its SPD partners switched sides. Then the SPD's experienced leader, Helmut Schmidt, resigned. Drafted to fill the vacancy, Vogel, a 53-year-old former lawyer, has worked a number of political miracles. He headed a deep split between the SPD's left and moderate wings. Then he courted his inner with prompt visits to the White House and the Kremlin. As a result, Vogel moved the SPD up at least five per cent in the polls.

In stamping the country for votes, the self-assured Vogel delivered at least four speeches a day in city squares and halls, managing to convey an impression of managerial competence.

Kohl has been less successful in finding the magic to sway crowds. For one thing, the number of jobless in West Germany rose by more than 300,000 in the five months since he took office. Not only that, but Kohl's speeches on topics that could

Vogel (center) campaigning the distinct possibility of a "red-green" coalition

provide him with firmer ground—the need to stimulate investment and reduce West Germany's massive public debt—have lacked conviction.

Kohl has been particularly vulnerable on the swirling nuclear arms issue. In standing firmly behind the NATO plan to deploy the new missiles unless the Soviet Union dismantles its 16,000 weapons pointed at Western Europe, Kohl has won grateful approval from Washington. Indeed, in what may Germans now as an overdone argument over their electoral efforts, President Ronald Reagan last week declared that U.S. nuclear strategy would suffer a severe setback if West Germany severed government support for deployment. Yet Kohl, by pleasing Reagan and the pro-missile lobby at home, has ignited the feelings of most of his countrymen. Some 68 per cent of West Germans, according to the polls, do not want the new weapons in their own backyards.

Vogel, on the other hand, has responded simply to public disquiet. While pledging loyalty to NATO itself, he claims that no final decision on deployment need be taken until autumn, when the Germans talks wind up. Vogel has also pledged to do everything he can to ensure that deployment is an easy, noncontroversial process. He has also pledged to do everything he can to ensure that deployment is an easy, noncontroversial process. He has also pledged to do everything he can to ensure that deployment is an easy, noncontroversial process.

Vogel's stance has kindled suspicions that West Germany, once the socialist

link in the NATO defense chain, may be drifting toward neutrality. It has also drawn the Soviet Union inevitably into the election battle. To signal West German reluctance on the missile issue, Moscow renewed threats of new missile deployments with blandishments (in the form of partial disarmament offers) to swing opinion against Kohl. Despite the anxiety in the Kremlin and the White House, the outcome of Sunday's ballot is unlikely to hinge on the missile question. The broad-and-better concerns of an electorate increasingly worried about jobs and family budgets will be decisive. On that issue, Kohl's conservatives have the edge. Their suggestions for reducing restrictions on a free-market economy and boosting investment are calculated to appeal to West Germany's traditional self-reliance. By contrast, Vogel has called for a 15-hour work, greater state intervention to protect jobs and higher taxes to bankroll welfare schemes.

Few Germans think the country's political system will emerge strengthened from the elections. If Kohl is returned to office, he will be saddled with the unsteady Genscher and the overbearing Bavarian CUP boss, Franz-Josef Strauss, as coalition partners. There's no likelihood at all that the distribution of seats will make for a strong and stable government with a seat for tackling problems," predicts Hans Hoyer, editor of Munich's daily *Süddeutsche Zeitung*. But, however annoying the choice, West Germans are likely to opt to stay the course with Kohl rather than risk a "red-green" alliance of

THE UNITED STATES

## Mondale faces a growing field

Presidential fever is proving as contagious as the flu. Twenty-one months before the 1984 election and more than a year before the first Democratic party primaries and state caucuses, a clutch of candidates—two last week and four in total in the past month—have set their sights for the Oval Office. Last week's crew of new contenders included both the odds-on favorites, 58-year-old former vice-president Walter (Fritz) Mondale, and a long shot, born-again Christian and former Florida governor, Jebel Ashraf.

"I am ready," Mondale told a throng of happy supporters in Minnesota's ornate legislative building. "I am ready to be president of the United States." In an identical sentiment Ashraf contended, "I truly believe my experience qualifies me to lead the nation during this time of transition." Senators Alan Cranston of California and Gary Hart of Colorado have already made similar

## Front-running Walter Mondale's rivals for the party's presidential nomination will be pressed to catch up

announcements. Ohio's Senator John Glenn, the first American to orbit the Earth, is expected to launch his White House bid by April.

There are those among who the Democratic field is as crowded, so early. The first is that Senator Edward Kennedy is sitting this race out. The second is that President Ronald Reagan looks politically vulnerable. The third, possibly, is that the Democrats have actually preferred such a crowded, diverse selection process—thus putting a premium on a fast and early start. The interminable series of primaries and caucuses that begins in Iowa and extends through the weighty California primary in June, 1984, has been shortened to just four months this year. By the third week after Iowa votes, nearly one-third of the nominating delegates to the Democratic convention will have been chosen. Every candidate will be forced, therefore, to run a nationwide campaign, not simply to focus on local targets of political opportunity. Money, "name recognition" and organization are the keys to winning the "sudden death" campaign. On all three scores



Mondale congratulated by Hubert Humphrey's widow, Washington (below) a surge in black activists offers the Democrats hope

Mondale's rivals are hard pressed to catch up. With 46-percent support among party members—versus 37-percent backing for his nearest opponent, Glenn—Mondale is working hard to tie down conservatives from every political hue in the traditional Democratic party rainbow.

Like his mentor, the late Hubert Humphrey, Mondale is a darling of most AFL-CIO unions. His support for trade protectionism and public works spending could win the two-thirds vote needed to secure the union's endorsement in a vote this December. No other candidate is even close to doing that. Jews back Mondale as a lifelong supporter of Israel. Protestants applaud his support for the new revised Equal Rights Amendment. And blacks recall his devotion to civil rights, although he stumbled badly by failing to back Harold Washington, the black congressman who beat two challengers in last week's Chicago mayoral primary—a victory that effectively guarantees his election as mayor of the Democratic stronghold in April.

Mondale didn't see fit to pay his dues, Washington said, after his victory over incumbent Jesse Brown, who spent an unprecedented \$60 million at his campaign, and Richard Daley, son of the longtime

mayor. "He will have to answer for that."

Mondale's rivals, by contrast, enjoy far narrower backing. News last week matched his backing of \$5.6 million was short. California's Croson has scored some points by making the nuclear freeze into the linchpin of his campaign—but Mondale is already outmaneuvering him by endorsing the freeze himself. Hart, one of the young, liberal tokenists who are known as the Great Democrats, has issued some of the most popular newspaper ads for government aid to the nation's leading high-technology industries. But Mondale, too, supports vast new investment in tech-related education. In addition, his long-standing support for a cabinet-level department of education in my view Mondale a vital early nod from the established National Education Association—the country's largest teachers' union. As far as Jews, his own announcement of his chances seems the most accurate: "No one is more aware than I am that my name is less than a household name. I have never had anything but an uphill battle."

The road to the White House, of course, is littered with the bones of former Democratic contenders: the wealthy Wisconsin Native and first-moon George Romney among them. Still, the

main risk to Mondale is more likely to come from some unpredictable blunder under the bright lights than from heavy breathing from his camp. With Kennedy as the catalyst, Mondale has assembled a merry crew of political operatives and fast risers. Party officials, who will hold more than 20 per cent of next year's delegate seats, both crast him and marvel on him as the likely winner. Once notably dull as a speaker, Mondale now brings audiences to their feet with parody—and often angry-piercing. "Today," he intoned in St. Paul last week, "every American family sleeping in cars, searching for work and toasting the grapes of wrath I don't believe that America was meant to be a jungle."

Unless the economic rebound gathers enough momentum to make the current recession a fading memory by Nov. 6, 1984, such rhetoric may play well among both the needy poor and the newly nervous middle class. The scope in black political activism so evident last week in Chicago—Washington got more than 80 per cent of the black vote—often the Democratic fresh voice for hope. So does the so-called "gender gap"—the tendency of women to vote more liberally than men, which first surfaced in the 1982 congressional elections.

The trends bode ill for Reagan, who is still copy dallying about his own decision to run or retire. But the White House can take at least some comfort. The more things look for the Republicans, the more means the thundering herds of Democratic contenders have to gaze each other. ☐

## THE MIDDLE EAST

# A qualified note of hope

The words, "something in the nature of a breakthrough," were carefully chosen. But U.S. President Ronald Reagan's phrase, delivered last week to a group of editors, quickly reechoed from Washington to the capitals of the Middle East. What Reagan was referring to, of course, was a Palestinian breakthrough, a term so historically and emotionally freighted that it is difficult to imagine he could have misused it. And *The Washington Post* list, if that first presidential recognition of Palestinian aspirations stirred any optimism in the Arab world, it was followed immediately by a qualification: "On the other hand," said Reagan, "no one has ever advocated creating a state."

The president's formula was not inconsistent with his Sept. 1 peace initiative, which called for creation of a Palestinian entity on the West Bank and Gaza Strip, linked by federates to Jordan. That plan, whose U.S. officials conceded, depended on the withdrawal of Jordan's King Hussein to joint negotiations, with the twin if not overt consent of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Although Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin quickly rejected Reagan's proposal as a violation of the Camp David Accords, most Middle East experts believe that Hussein's arrival at the peace table would force Jerusalem to join the discussions.

But, if the future of the Reagan plan depends on Hussein, in fact it may have already failed. A meeting of the Palestine National Council (PNC) wound up in Algiers last week without giving Jordan a clear green light to negotiate on the PLO's behalf. Whether that mandate, Hussein's decision on entering a new round of talks—promised for the first week of March—is likely to be negative. As the Post noted last week, "The king has made a career of saying so."

The PNC stopped short of outright rejection of the Reagan initiative. Instead, it adopted a resolution refusing "to consider the plan as a sound basis for a just and lasting solution to the Palestinian problem." According to PLO negotiators, this contrived refusal, their chairman, Yasser Arafat, a degree of political flexibility if elements of the U.S. plan should later be modified. "By adding just one word," said Salah Khalaf, an aide to Arafat, "things could change completely. The word is self-determination." But self-determination, in the Middle East's twisted lexicon, is a code word for statehood, which neither Washington nor Jerusalem ever

even some moderate Arab states are prepared to accept.

The possible desire of the U.S. president as Reagan advocates state officials are at least beginning to voice some optimism about the situation in Lebanon. In an address to the American Legion last week Reagan pronounced "to take all necessary steps to guarantee the security of Israel's northern borders, in the aftermath of the complete withdrawal of the Israeli army from Lebanon." Later, Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger (R-Iowa) opposed to the U.S. military presence in Lebanon—occurred at a Pentagon news conference that the withdrawal of Israeli, Syrian and PLO forces would create a vacuum that more multinational troops, including U.S. Marines, would probably have to fill for some time. "As

the forces pull back," Weinberger said, "this opens up a wider and wider range of territory that needs to be covered. You need additional forces to fill that gap."

It is Washington's hope that expansion of the present 4,000-man multinational force—and Reagan's restoration of the U.S. commitment to Israel—will persuade the Israelis to speed up any withdrawal. Once that begins, the administration believes, the Syrians and the PLO will also start to retreat. That view was reinforced last week by a statement from Syria's ruling Ba'ath party. It said, "All Syrian forces will return to Syrian territory as soon as Lebanon regains its freedom and expels the invaders [the Israelis]."

The Israeli withdrawal also helps that, as Israeli withdrawal would provide further evidence to King Hussein at Washington's ability to exert concessions from Israel. But Washington's optimism may be misplaced. Maj. Sal Hadad, commander of the Lebanese militia in the north, who has Israeli protection, last week extended the territory under his command by moving north to occupy a key post near the Bekaa Valley. For his part, Moshe Aron, the Israeli ambassador to the United States, recently named to succeed Ariel Sharon as defense minister, noted last week that "the only guarantee for Israeli security is the Israeli Defense Force." And he described U.S. policymakers as having "idealized notions of how complex things can be done. What we need is a good dose of patience...a commitment to the negotiating process, not a commitment to a schedule."

Be patient is the one commodity the Bush administration cannot long afford. As the 1984 presidential campaign heats up, Reagan will lose the ability to promote dramatic foreign policy initiatives. Most analysts believe that the United States has five months, at best, to find a way to bring Hussein to the negotiating table—with or without official PLO consent. Some movement in Lebanon would help, as would a temporary Israeli freeze on new settlements on the West Bank. But even then Hussein will need the full support of Arab moderates. If his answer is no, it will likely be two or three years before the next U.S. administration faces a new new scheme—years during which Israeli settlements on the West Bank will be expanded. Hussein's intransigence is that Reagan's plan gives Arab negotiators the most sympathetic hearing ever granted by a U.S. president. If he fails now and there is no progress, he runs the very real risk of making Palestinian nationalists topple his regime.

—MICHAEL POSNER in Washington.





## PEOPLE

In the diamonds-and-dragons world of prime-time soap opera, new girls flash fast. So, as a sweet young thing fresh out of Bealton, Vancouver's latest *Breanna* is facing some stiff competition on NBC's *Burn Notice*, the network's new challenger to the *Dynasty* throne. The stars of the show—**Jennifer O'Neill**, Jessica Walter and **Gilda Florio**—play stereotypical rich witches who lust about in the glamorous world of the perfumery business in New York City. “I’m just a young girl out of college,” says the 22-year-old *Breanna* of her character, Kathy Jensen. “I think I play the sweetest person on the show.” Judging by the scores of villains like *Joan Collins*, sweetness may be a dying virtue. “I don’t know if I’ll be the most famous person in the world or if I’ll ever be seen again,” *Breanna* admits. If the show is a hit, the actress, whose previous credits include guest spots on CBS’ *TV’s Slaves*’ *In and Out* and the *Revelations*, is guaranteed at least one full season this fall.

He was setting hearts aflutter at 16 when he attended Lakeland College School near Peterborough, Ont. And, if a fraction of what has since been written about him is true, at 32 his Royal Highness Prince Andrew is indeed a lot of a lad. But last week, when the London tabloid *The Sun* ran an account of his royal romplings around Buckingham Palace with a brunette beauty to whom he is most certainly not married, his mother, Queen



Vancouver's *Breanna*: the quintessential detective, McGavin (below) against type

Elizabeth is, decided that enough was enough. In an unprecedented move, the palace went to court to stop the paper from continuing to print the ramblings of 29-year-old former royal kitchen stores officer *Klaus Fanning*.

She not only alleged that the prince in question—the previously unknown U.S. actress **Kate Stark**—kept with Andrew in the palace while the Queen was travelling, but that Stark had the temerity to stuff herself with Queen Elizabeth's favorite chocolate. Citing Kenny's breach of confidence (all palace employees sign pledges of secrecy about palace doings), the Queen's deputy minister *Paul Wood* was granted a court injunction to halt *Entertainment* 2—entitled *HOW MANY FEET ON BUTTERED MY TOAST*—and

promptly lashed a suit against Kenny and the Rupert Murdoch-owned *Sun* for unspecified damages. Meanwhile, the defender of the faith himself was touring Mexico's western coast sporting a tight smile and waving to excited crowds. At week's end she docked at San Diego for a one-day U.S. visit. If there is any hint in fact for Kenny's disclaimer, the Queen at least did not have to worry about press-on at the palace in her absence. Both Andrew and Stark were in Florida.

The name **Bernie McGavin** usually conjures up images of a gunshop in a fedora who hunts gritty side-streets sniffing out clues to a murder. From *Shelby Dillman* in the late 1960s through *Riverboat* and the popular 1970s TV series *The Night Stalker*, McGavin's model was cut so, when Canadian film director **Bob Clark** (famous for *Deliverance*, *Parley*) asked the 60-year-old New York City-based actor to star in his comedy about the trials of a boy growing up in the 1930s, McGavin said, “I was astonished.” In *A Christmas Story*, the boy being shot in Toronto, McGavin and *Melinda Dillon* play parents betrayed by the antics of their son *Ralphie* (*Peter Billingsley*). Portraying an unreliable but endearing dad is a brief respite, however. This spring McGavin will be seen as yet another detective in a new television series called *Small and Furry*. The typesetting does not bother him. “We are the itinerant folk plodders in this business,” he shrugs. “We just follow the crop.” —EDITED BY BARBARA BRIGHTON

Queen Elizabeth in *Acapulco*: no point worrying about Andrew and Kate back at the palace



## VANTAGE CONTEMPORARY TASTE

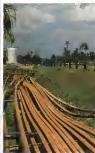
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# The world according to Yamani

By Ian Anderson

It had the makings of a feat of political genius worthy of his reputation. As the Bahraini of crude Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani appeared to be on the verge last week of jolting OPEC back from the brink of chaos and reassembling the broken cartel into an economic force even more powerful than before. There was an immediate way of telling how much of the prize-winning crisis of the past few weeks was political theatre and how much was real-life disaster.



Nigeria oil flow to market: events unfolded precisely as Yamani envisioned them a month ago

looking crisis had been set aside until the price drops through the \$25 barrier—the price at which most world buyers calculated their marginal for massive losses to oil producers like Mexico, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, cheerily forecast, more rapid world growth and slower inflation resulting from price cuts, and gold prices plummeted \$60 an ounce as investors fled away from their traditional refuge in times of economic upheaval.

Canadian oil consumers, however, will see no immediate cuts in gas and heating oil bills. Kept artificially low

recently announced price cuts and await "market developments," Yamani said right in Riyadh. The others knew that he alone could flood the world with surplus oil—and make a profit, even at \$5 a barrel. By week's end it appeared that Yamani had virtually framed an agreement as a prelude to yet another emergency OPEC meeting. The only wild card, unusual, was Iran's Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, who declared that he considered any price cut a "crime against the people and to the benefit of world oppression."

A drop in the world price to \$30 or

Venezuela said 30-cent monitor to confer with Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid last Tuesday. The Saudis had hoped to lure Mexico into the OPEC fold and last month were reported to have offered Mexico \$10 billion if it would join. As the second-largest oil exporter and the country that produced oil most cheaply, Mexico had been a thorn in OPEC's side. But the Mexicans rebuffed all efforts to co-ordinate their price and production. Finally, however, the crisis drove competitors together. Mexico and British political officials conferred aboard the Britannia as Queen Elizabeth II traveled along the Mexican coast. Mexico also conferred in Paris with representatives from Venezuela, Kuwait and Algeria. The Mexicans then announced that they would attend the emergency OPEC meeting as "observers." Last Friday Mexico posted its proposed \$4 price cut. Indonesia and Iraq also said they had come to a tentative agreement with Yamani. The British edged away from their price reduction, scheduled to go into effect last Friday, and said they would join the Saudis and await "market developments."

slightly less was exactly what Saudi Arabia's new state oil company told Yamani in early January he had in mind. The chief executives of Riyadh's Aramco—a partnership that includes Exxon, Standard Oil, Mobil and Texaco—all told the shock they could no longer continue lifting Saudi oil at \$4 and selling it as it was. It was paying only \$20. The marketing crisis had been gathering since 1980. The worldwide recession, coupled with enormous conservation in the past decade, had combined to sharply reduce oil demand in the re-circulated world. New oil was coming on stream from such non-OPEC members as Britain, Norway, the Soviet Union and Mexico. In 1973 OPEC exported virtually all the world's exported oil, but by 1982 its share had been sliced

to one-fifth. From peak production of more than 30 million barrels a day (MBO) in 1973, demand for OPEC oil has fallen to about 14 MBO.

Behind the scenes the multinationals were tightening the squeeze. In the United States the so-called commercial inventories were run down to a 12-day supply from the usual 25 days. During the Iranian revolution, when prices doubled, commercial inventories fell to six days. The co-ordinated squeeze had its effect. In late January industry reports out of Nigeria revealed that out a drop of oil was being sold. Venezuela had to impose currency controls as a declaration issued. Nigeria exported more than a million Ghanaian. No supermarket was expected in a U.S. port for the entire month of March. New tests began.

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For industry analysts the question now is how long the surplus—and continued low oil prices—will last. No less an expert than Exxon Chairman Clifford Garvin believes that at least two-thirds of the drop in oil demand stems from conservation and widening use of such substitute fuels as coal, natural gas and propane. But there is still a darker side. The world oil companies have slashed their exploratory budgets in the past year by 15 to 25 per cent. The hostilities of the Canadian companies, Imperial Oil, cut capital spending to \$650 million this year from \$1 billion in 1982. In the United States the number of active drilling rigs dropped from 4,000 in 1981 to about 2,500 now, while in Canada the number of rigs active in January fell to 275 from 365 a year ago. The Chao



Ahmed F. Fawzi, Minister of Oil

Manhattan Bank estimates that Mexico will be incapable of financing further exploration and development with oil at prices under \$30 and that new North Sea exploration will not be commercial at that price. And a Gulf Canada estimate puts the cost of bringing Bonaventure Sea oil to market at \$30 to \$40 a barrel—before any federal taxes. Oil from the Siberian field off Newfoundland can probably be developed economically for between \$20 and \$30 a barrel. Petro-Canada estimates \$25. Federal officials were paying close attention to Ottawa's latest row with Newfoundland, in which Mobil Oil Canada has been ordered by the province to remove its rigs from the rigs because of dangerous ice conditions. Ottawa last week conferred with a directive to keep drilling. This dispute may be viewed as another

surd chapter in the contested offshore ownership issue. But as one official remarked last week, "If Mobil wants to walk away from it because they want out, they can't have a better time."

For the Saudis, any short-term cut in revenues is something of a minor irritant in light of several factors. Over the longer term, two-thirds of the world's known oil reserves lie under OPEC sands, surplus and waste. In addition, the Chase Manhattan Bank warned last week that any collapse in world oil prices almost inevitably would result in even greater dependency on OPEC oil by 1990. Already, synthetic oil development in Canada and the United States has grown to a point. And Canada is taking potentially dangerous steps by cutting long-term supply contracts. On Jan. 1 Ottawa told Canadian oil companies that they could again buy oil on the spot market instead of only by long-term contract. The rationale was that demand for Alberta oil has been falling, and Ottawa wanted to create conditions under which companies would rely on foreign crude only to supply short-term demands. But, as the recession ends and industry recovers, demand will inevitably accelerate. Another Persian Gulf scare could sour Canada's volatile. An Energy Probe Director David Brooks has remarked, Canadian politicians face tough choices in terms of energy security. Abandoning the standard of 76 per cent of world price may be one way to prepare for a future when OPEC will again be dominant. Simply to relax in the belief that OPEC's day is over may be politically expedient but, as Brooks says, "it's incumbent on the politicians to know they are putting us in a dangerous position."

With Michael Clouston in Halifax, Eric Forrester in Mexico City and William Lester in Washington.

Trudeau and Leachman host their account: uncertainty reigns



## Gallagher's farewell to Dome

He is sudden, disarming grin earned the nickname "Smile Jack." But last week Jack Gallagher's winning smile did not soften the harsh impact of the occasion. In a brief press release the 66-year-old entrepreneur from Winnipeg announced that he will step down as Dome Petroleum's chief executive officer at its upcoming shareholders' meeting. Gallagher had not said whether or not he wants to remain as Dome's chairman and as CEO of its subsidiary, Dome Canada Ltd. Still, there was little doubt among industry observers that his abrupt statement marked the end of an era.

Company spokesman Doug Evans rejected suggestions that Gallagher was forced out of his job by a combination of four domestic banks and the federal government, which together rescued the company from the brink of receivership with a billion-dollar loan guarantee last Sept. 29. Gallagher had made promises to investors to "rebuild the company, not just the balance sheet," Evans said. But Evans, who postponed the move until Dome was able to manage its debt, said the company's financial problems "now that a method has been worked out," he added, Gallagher

had revived his original objective. Still, Gallagher's refusal to talk publicly about his decision was an unusual development. And the lack of drama surrounding the move seemed to be a reaction to the unwelcome controversy that surrounded the acquisition of Gallagher's 30-year career at the helm of Dome.

Likely, Dome's long-term viability is

**Gallagher lost his heart to the North in the 1930s and only now has he stopped pursuing his Arctic dream.**

still not assured, even though the company avoided a potential collapse by accepting the terms of the bank-government rescue. The company's Canadian bankers are still trying to convince a consortium of 35 foreign banks, to which Dome owes \$1 billion, to take part in the rescue program. What is more, Dome's management is appar-

ently planting ways to partially sidestep the plan and avoid the necessity of giving the bankers and Ottawa a controlling interest in the company.

Dome's continuing travels contrast sharply with its fortunes during the 1930s when it was the glimmer stock of North America. Before its dramatic downturn last fall, Dome had reinvested the setback on debt financial management. The company displayed an unerring ability to find loopholes that enabled it to get more for less than any other oil firm in Western Canada. Dome had made five major corporate acquisitions in four years—including a costly \$4-billion debt-financed takeover of Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas—and mounted the boldest exploration program in Canada, and perhaps the world, had seen. But the company finally encountered a cloudy patch in its crystal ball. Soaring interest rates, declining markets and falling prices combined to cripple Dome with a staggering \$7.6-billion debt load and several cash flow problems.

For his part, Gallagher had vowed to step on at Dome until it was marketing oil in the Arctic. Now, production from that region seems so remote as the Arctic Circle, especially because of the uncertainty about world petroleum prices in the midst of current price cuts. Gallagher's

life dream dawned when, as a geology student during the 1930s, he signed an \$2.50 a day with the Canadian Geological Survey and lost his heart to the unknown North. He was mapping. His apprenticeship in the oil world took him to a dozen countries between 1938 and 1949. Dome Mines Ltd., with endowment money from U.S. universities, brought him back to Canada in 1950 to start what became Dome Petroleum. Armed with \$300,000 in equity and \$1.5 million in debt, Gallagher's first wildcat drilling operation struck oil, a stroke of luck that paved Dome's pioneering extraction of natural gas and expansion into oil deals that eventually stretched around the world. Various described as the Earl Flynn of the oil world and a courtly Irish gambler, Gallagher found that Dome embodied his driving, patriotic spirit.

There are now indications that investors are listening receptively to suggestions that Dome, later this year, will ask its 25,000-shareholders to invest in a new share issue of production of positive earnings in the first two quarters of 1992 prove to be accurate. The intent of such a move would be to avoid the \$3-billion infusion from the banks and government that is required to finance another possibility, says Will Gilbert of Peters & Co. in Calgary, is that Dome is simply playing for time and waiting for

the money market to improve. When it does, he says, Dome may try to borrow funds. The company has some time on its side. Calgary oil analyst Ed Zedevylo says there is no chance that the 30 or 40 foreign banks involved can finalize agreements on their role in the rescue plan in time for the company's June annual meeting. During negotiations in New York City last week, Dome's Canadian bankers continued their efforts to win agreement from the foreign banks to give up their right to seize \$300 million worth of Dome assets if the company defaults on its loans and to stretch out equipment schedules. These talks were proving arduous, if only because the U.S. banks have no interest in keeping Dome alive, their debts are largely secured by the valuable assets of Hudson's Bay Oil.

Even a Dome booster like Zedevylo questions whether it is realistic for Dome to try to raise enough money both to keep the banks at bay and to finance its operating costs. He calculates that Dome will need \$700 million more than projected revenues this year to ensure its usual activity and keep non-Canadian creditors satisfied, even if the Canadian banks are willing to wait.

Evans says Zedevylo's calculations are too high, worth of assets and operating costs. The one stroke of good fortune has been interest rates; for

every percentage point decline, Dome has been saving an estimated \$70 million to \$80 million a year. If interest rates continue to moderate, the company's future hinges on oil prices—a Toronto analyst recently calculated that a 15-per-cent drop in world oil prices to \$27 (U.S.) a barrel would also cause Dome's cash flow by 20 per cent.

Gallagher, says one insider, is probably convinced that he is best equipped to negotiate Dome through these hazardous shoals. If only he were 30 instead of 66. It is not known who will now assume the task. Speculation has centered around group Vice-President John Beldone and Rodcliffe H. Latimer, president of TransCanada Pipelines Ltd., partly owned by Dome.

Gallagher still feels the occasional shudder (twice from a jungle accident during his early oil days). On a steep mountain pass his driver turned green and passed out from oxygen deprivation. Gallagher reached the vehicle into the mountains and averting plunging over the side. At a time when Dome still turns many times a billion shade of green, his successor will need the same combination of luck and reflexes that got Gallagher off the mountain top and into the top 50 of the Canadian press.

—BRIANNE SPARKS, with David Graham in Calgary.

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# A rebel pays the price

By Peter C. Newman

**J**ack Gallagher's resignation last week as Dome's superdome is one of those rare events in Canadian business history that fundamentally alters the way things are done and, to those who care about such things, kills the myth that the price the chartered bubble cost for their astounding support of Dome.

Edward Selwyn, the Calgary-based vice-president of Gordon Securities, aptly dismissed the news. "In a market sense," he commented, "the announcement is a non-event." Maybe But Gallagher is no run-of-the-mill Gulliver of the Oil Patch.

In both his 30-year rise and his sudden demise, he was the man against whom others gauged their career trajectories and the acute barometer of their ambitions. Gallagher transformed Dome into Canada's most important energy consortium and managed to do it entirely with other people's money, never paying out a single dollar in taxes or dividends in the process.

He was never very interested in making money for himself or for his shareholders, preferring the less mundane pursuit of altering the world's geography. He did just that—even if it takes another quarter century to prove out that the Beaudart is another Arabian Gulf, harvesting 50 billion barrels of crude, cold oil.

What made Gallagher stick out among the Nervous Nellies who populate most Canadian boardrooms was that he would take the kind of gambles that make corporate responsibility seem banal. It's this quality that allowed him to winkle entire treasures out of the frodo, decline all out of ice and stress loans for Dome larger than the national debt of most of the world's continents. As Dome chairman he was unique because he made his own work for his company on a scale no one else had before or probably ever will again (It's a measure of our delirium that we're now hearing sighs of relief.)

Gallagher understood that the real conflict in Canada is not between East and West, Left and Right, French and English—but between the reactionaries and the rebels, between those who obey authority and those who don't and act instead out of their own imaginations. The reactionaries' view is that everyone and everything has its place. The rebels' starting point is that, as Nervous

Muller once put it, "Man must serve as God's agent, seeking to shift the weight of our universe in such a way that talent, creativity and strength of the future will show us what a mighty remembrance is locked in the unconsciousness of the dumb."

That was the true basis of Gallagher's power. He was able, without ever actually lying, to enlist investors' imaginations, so that a board lot of 100 Dome shares that could have been bought for \$380 in 1951 was worth \$125,000 three



Gallagher: winking the treasury

decades later—even though in the interval the company had not consciously proven out a single major new oil or gas discovery.

It was Gallagher's smile that got all the attention. And it was true that on Sept. 1, 1978, when the Dome chairman was asked on TV about the rumors of a major oil strike in the Beaufort Sea, his answering smile not only drove his own stock to a new high but moved the entire 700 Energy Index up an unprecedented 186 points. The Cheshire grin was so blinding that it created its own field of

force, but what he said was equally important.

He could talk on several levels at the same time, philosophy or politics, this world or the next, dazzling his listeners. He used tax dollars to build a fleet that rivaled the tonnage of Canada's navy and knew how to play on the fears of federal energy ministers. What's it true, after all, that the more subsidies and tax incentives that were shovelled into producing oil and gas from the federal lands in the Mackenzie Delta the less likely it was that Peter Lougheed could dominate the country's energy future?

He never really enjoyed anything except work and he doesn't intend to stop now. Up at 6:30 most mornings, he would jog along Calgary's Shaw River, munch a toasted turkey salad sandwich at his desk for lunch and grab a Dome jet to call on some whingeing banker or trusting politician. He belongs to the Calgary Golf & Country Club but has not once played through its 18 holes. Except at the very beginning, he was not interested in running the day-to-day business of Dome, preferring to act as its minister of external affairs, holding court at Ottawa's Four Seasons Hotel, the Ranelagh Club or the Imperial Bank of Commerce boardroom. Like all great politicians, Gallagher understood that the ultimate accolade was to have opponents consult him, and they did. The then federal energy minister, Donald Mackdonald, asked him for suggestions about who should head the new Petro-Canada agency, and Gallagher was regularly called on to brief (or sell) government energy-regulating proposals. The superoperation allowances in Trudeau's 1977 budget (which allowed taxpayers to write off three times their investments in the Beaufort) was perhaps his most breathtaking achievement, but his influence wasn't limited to Liberal Joe Clark's 1980 budget; he's passed Parliament would have allowed Dome to pay itself for its own drilling program and to turn a profit even on dry holes.

What brought Gallagher to ground was an accident of timing. He piled up \$7.5 billion in debt (not an interest rate went sky-high—and Dome's properties weren't ready to pay the bills).

The Canadian economy has lost its resident dreamer. How many other business types really believe those fancy ads for Ferraris that claim, "With CAN RECOVERED, CAN BE CREATED."

**The Seal of Excellence**



# Distrust across the border

By Fred Blaker

They remain as acidic, as or various, but two National Film Board documentary films on acid rain and another on nuclear war were victims of an unusual form of blacklisting in Washington last week. In a move deemed to mirror the U.S. screening of two Environment Canada-sponsored films, *Acid Rain: Requiem for Recovery* and *Acid From Heaven*, and the anti-war film *If You Love This Planet*, the U.S. justice department labelled the productions "government propaganda" and ordered that they be registered under the Foreign Agents Registration Act.

The 1938 legislation applies to material that officials deem to be an attempt to influence U.S. foreign policy and requires films to open with a warning that registration does not indicate approval of the contents by the U.S. government. It was announced to direct filmmakers that the U.S. government also wants a list of anyone ordering the films. U.S. justice department officials protested that such labelling is standard procedure and was not influenced by Ronald Reagan's White House. Nevertheless, outraged Canadian Environment Minister John Roberts immediately condemned the action as "extraordinary interference with freedom of speech." And as the United States the ruling prompted Senator Howard Kanterly to liken this move to the anti-Communist tactics of Senator Joseph McCarthy in the 1950s.

The film controversy capped a series of incidents over the past two weeks that have underscored mounting political discord between Canada and the United States over environmental issues. At the centre of the dispute is concern about lack of action to control two persistent hazards: acid rain, caused by coal-burning utilities; and toxic chemicals and smelters in the United States and Canada, and leakage of toxic chemicals from waste dumps into the waters of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. On both sides of the border, environmentalists and their politicians fear that a combination of U.S. budget cuts and the slithering in the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) have compromised the effectiveness of the U.S. government's chief watchdog on environmental pollution.

As a result, there have been dismay and anger expressed by Canadian environmentalists over the United States' rejection last week of Canada's interpre-

tation of a 24-year study conducted by scientists from both countries on the environmental effects of acid rain. U.S. lawmakers, supported by the Reagan administration, say that the evidence of acid rain poisoning in hundreds of lakes and rivers examined in Eastern Canada and the northeastern United States does not necessarily apply elsewhere. "We're disappointed and frustrated," Environment's Roberts told *Maclean's*.



Scene from *Acid From Heaven*, Roberts (below) outrage over a propaganda label

last week. "We have a sense of urgency in this country about pollution problems, but the U.S. administration doesn't seem prepared to act."

As a backdrop to the political controversy, the Ontario environment ministry announced last week that traces of lethal chemical dioxin had been found for the first time in Lake Ontario. (Previously, dioxin traces had been discovered only in fish and gull eggs.) Earlier, an earlier report by a joint Canada-U.S. study examining pollution along the Niagara River is spurring New York's (Niagara River Toxic Project) and that at least 200 dumps, industries and sewers are suspected of polluting the river and potentially threatening the drinking water of four million southern Ontario resi-

dents and one million Americans.

As recently as the Jimmy Carter presidency, Canada and the United States worked together harmoniously to reverse severe damage caused to the Great Lakes by sewage and phosphorus poisoning. But since the Reagan administration took office in 1980 with its emphasis on deregulation and support for industry, Canada-U.S. relations on environmental issues have soured. In a tough speech to scientists meeting in Washington last October, Raymond Robinson, executive chairman of the Canadian Environment Assessment and Review Office, accused the White House of deliberate delays in producing the U.S. part of the joint acid rain

study—its release last week was a year (behind schedule) and of "Maafact efforts to manipulate" the research results.

No more popular in the U.S. failure to match the Canadians' unilateral 1981 decision to cut back acid rain-producing sulphur dioxide emissions by 45 per cent by 1990. Last year Canada offered to reduce emissions by a further 25 per cent if the United States would do the same, but the U.S. state department rejected the offer.

Beyond specific irritants, the distrust within the EPA has endeared most dramatically why Canada-U.S. negotiations are floundering. The agency, which has suffered a 30-per-cent budget cut since 1981, has been soaked in recent weeks by what Washington con-

servatives have labelled the Sevenside scandal. Two senior agency officials resigned at the request of the White House last week amid level denunciations of misconduct. Earlier, President Reagan fired assistant EPA administrator Rita Lavelle for allegedly arranging sweetheart deals with major polluters. The agency's administrator, Anne Burford (formerly Anne Gorsuch), almost had been cited for contempt of Congress after she refused to surrender subpoenaed documents to two Senate subcommittee examining environmental problems in a biting editorial. The *New York Times* charged Burford with turning "an efficient and capable agency into an Angela's Ashes reeking of mismanagement and decay."

EPA detractors point out that in 1982 the agency referred only 100 cases against air and water polluters to the justice department, half as many as in the last year of the Carter administration. In addition, it took the EPA fully three years after Congress authorized a \$1.5-billion chemical dump clean-up "Superfund" to list the country's 430 worst dump sites—and of those, only five have been treated. With no changes in existing environmental laws, both Canadian and U.S. and run-running agencies will continue to race, although the U.S. rate of increase (about 15 per cent by the year 2000) will be three times greater than Canada's, according to the past and rate study.

The political rivalry also seems destined to persist, despite initiatives by individual U.S. politicians sympathetic to Canadian concerns. Vermont Senator Robert Stafford and Senator George Mitchell of Maine are both introducing a palliative control legislation that would reduce the amount of sulphur dioxide pumped into the air by eight million to 16 million tonnes over the next 10 to 15 years. But Stafford warns, "Political leaders and other decision-makers from these [Madison] areas fear that an acid rain control program could lead to skyrocketing energy costs and would hasten the flight of industry out of this traditional heartland." Meanwhile, a powerful coalition of U.S. manufacturers, utilities and consumers is expected to start a publicity campaign in March.

For his part, Roberts says that Canada and provincial environment officials, mindful of the new incident, plan to publicize their views by continuing to invite U.S. journalists to Canada. In a speech last week to the Environmental Defense Fund in New York, Roberts described acid rain as "a cancer at the heart of the biosphere." He added, "We have enough information to act. It's not a matter of science any longer, it's a matter of politics."

With William Leather and Michael Zinner in Washington.



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Photo: Photo of Jack Daniel's distillery. Photo of Jack Daniel's distillery. Photo of Jack Daniel's distillery. Photo of Jack Daniel's distillery. Photo of Jack Daniel's distillery.

## A troubled region hosts the Pope

In Nicaragua last week large black-and-white posters of Pope John Paul II were plastered on Managua's whitewashed walls and shop windows. The city's 10th of July Plaza, which can hold a crowd of 600,000, was being scrubbed for the scheduled open-air mass. Some 100,000 people are expected throughout Central America in preparation for the eight-day papal tour scheduled to begin that week. The trip, which includes stops in Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Panama, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras and Belize, will be the Pope's most controversial journey.

When he lands to kiss the larvae at his first stop, San José, Costa Rica, he will be entering a region torn not only by civil strife but also by theological debate between conservatism and liberal Roman Catholic factions.

As Vatican security personnel in Rome last week nervously assessed itineraries that called for outdoor rallies in each country, church officials stressed that the Pope's trip had no political overtones. Mario Cardinal Casanova of Guatemala announced that the visit would be "purely pastoral." The Vatican's foreign minister, Arrigo Solares, explained in an interview published in the Rome daily *L'Espresso* that the Pope's decision to visit Central America resulted from his desire to visit a suffering populace. But he added that the trip should also be taken as a symbol of the Pope's opposition to violence. "I think that the arrival of the Holy Father has above all the objective of saying: enough, enough with death, with violence."

While the Pope's purpose may be pastoral, his actions will likely invite the region's right-wing regimes. His plans included an address to the Inter-American Court of Human Rights in San José. According to *El Financiero*, he will also make a private visit to the tomb of El Salvador's Archbishop Oscar Romero, the outspoken critic of death-squad, cocaine and human rights abuses who was allegedly assassinated by government troops in 1980.

Nicaragua, El Salvador and Guatemala will be the flash points of the visit. In Nicaragua the church is deeply split over whether or not to support the leftist Sandinista government, which sponsors five priests among its high-ranking members. In June 1983, letters to the country's Catholic bishop, the

In El Salvador the right-wing government fears that the Pope's visit might lead weight to Salvadoran Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas, who supports a call by the opposition Democratic Revolutionary Front for negotiations between left-wing rebels and the government to end that country's bloody civil war. At week's end the rebels called for a three-day ceasefire so that followers could travel to the capital. A massive demonstration is planned against the government.

In Guatemala the Pope will meet with President Ríos Montt, who is a member of one of the new ultraright Protestant fundamentalist sects rapidly gaining converts in the region. The government will arrange a meeting between the Pope and a group of Guatemalan Indians—a time when Amnesty International asserts that Ríos Montt's troops murdered thousands of Indian villagers over the past year.

The security measures for the Pope's visit have been dramatic. In Nicaragua and El Salvador troops will likely be pulled away from the guerrilla hotbeds to manage crowds and protect the papal entourage. In El Salvador, 90 km from Managua, security officials are particularly worried because the Pope will travel to the small village by helicopter, rather than in his bulletproof vehicle known as the "Papamobile."

Most observers expect, however, that Pope John Paul II's visit will not create dramatic changes in the troubled region. An elderly office planner in Nicaragua said "It would help more if the Pope went to talk to Ricardo Lagos. He is the cause of the problems in Central America." In San José, Rómulo Méndez, a member of the Nicaraguan government, told *Macleans* that "the best thing that could come out of the visit is that the Pope will speak out clearly about the need for peace in Central America." "Will that happen?" "We can only hope," he said.

—MICHAEL RAGANIAN in Managua, with Sam Gilbert in Rome.



Sandwiches in Managua's 19th of July Plaza purely pastoral?

Pope condemned the involvement of the church in the "popular organizations." In October the Vatican served an ultimatum to the priests, ordering them to leave the government—or else the pope would not visit the country. In the end the Vatican backed down and registered instead that the five priest-politicians be absent during the Pope's visit. The priests planned to ignore the request. The Vatican also pressured the Nicaraguan government to lift its press ban on reports about the Pope's trip.

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Southern-bound Canadian tourists, gathering in affordable Mexico (right), sometimes find the industry is embarrassing.

## TRAVEL

# The holiday industry's winter of chaos

By Val Ross

For the past year, consumers have been the only winners in the dog-fights that have bloodied the ferociously competitive Canadian travel industry. But last week some of the spoils that travellers had won from recent airline price wars were almost whisked away. The U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board, backed by President Ronald Reagan, outlawed about 56,000 deep-discount seats offered by Air Canada as a sales ploy. After Canadian Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin protested against the CAB's "hostile" act and "crude regulating methods," the CAB granted a weekend reprieve until sales could resume this week. But as the seat sale's first Canadian passengers, about 3,000 businessmen and group-banned holidaymakers, began struggling themselves into their long-pierced seats last weekend, their agents were still upset by the travel industry's latest confusion. Said Leo Moss, an Ambassador, ITC, travel agent, "Sometimes this industry is embarrassing."

The chaos at the airports is only the latest symptom of the Canadian travel industry's escalating problems. In recent years it has become the victim of the worst aspects of heavy government regulation and outlandish free enter-

prise. The industry has been weakened by a series of spectacular business failures, such as Laker and Braniff airlines and Skylink Holidays and Sunlight Vacations, Canada's largest operators of package tours. The collapses rattled the industry's survivors, who continued to overestimate badly the Canadian public's demand for travel services and

**Bargain-hunting Canadian tourists are asking: what's cheapest, can I get a deal, and should I wait?**

to slash solidly their own prices. The result has been unprecedented bargain, seat sales, skyboxes and group-out-of-business sales for consumers—and frantic promises of escalating commissions for any travel agents who could fill the new package tours. But as the large travel agent is a bit to stay with, Rod Marlin, president of Vancouver-based Marlin Travel, Canada's second-largest retail travel chain, last week predicted at least one more big bankruptcy this spring.

For a decade the Canadian travel in-

dustry sustained annual growth rates of 14 per cent. In the 1980s that growth broke to a stop. Business travel fell 10 to 20 per cent, and despite a recent spurt in demand for bargain vacations in the sun, as evidenced by the thousands of white-hot Canadians now gathering on the suddenly affordable beaches of Mexico, there are also indications that Canadian demand for travel has stabilised and will not grow in the next few years.

Naturally and rationally, the stalled demand has led to fierce battles of strategy and ideology, such as the one currently pitting the protectionist Canadian Transport Commission against the champions of airline deregulation at the CAB. The CAB banned Air Canada's seat sale to punish the CTR for refusing to accept a route application by U.S. carrier Continental Airlines that would have undercut Canadian and Australian carriers by offering cheap fares from Vancouver through Los Angeles to Australia. But though the CAB at week's end threatened to initiate its campaign until "our Canadian friends (service) an open-minded attitude toward permissive filing by all carriers," it was more than a fight over Yankee principles. It was another bid by segments of the industry determined to survive the biggest shutdown and



most massive restructuring the travel industry has ever faced.

The stakes are high: a \$12-billion tourist and travel industry that employs at least one per cent of the Canadian work force. But the obstacles to profit remain enormous. The airline industry, for example, has just come through the worst year ever, with worldwide losses of almost \$2 billion.

After trimming staff and flights, the airlines' only other option has been to increase demand. The lure of extra commissions to travel agents on volume sales and spendthrifts at bargain rates has sent travel agents scrambling to their new flight-reservation computers where, remarks Winnipeg agent Sheril MacDonald, they have been playing the fishing game: members like the stake must last.

Not surprisingly, the volatility of prices has rekindled consumer attitudes. "Yes, we are getting a little excited," says one Winnipeg traveler, Kathy Peterson. "We'll take advantage of any seat sale that comes up." Adds MacDonald: "The latest phrases that tourists are learning are 'What's cheapest?' 'Can I get a deal?' and 'Should I wait?'"

Desperate airlines were not the only ones to blame for this winter's travel industry pain.

Last May, when a computer venture by long-haired, maverick-thinking Toronto entrepreneur James Callaghan drew his holding company, Callave, into receivership, the rest of the country's tour operators raced to grab a piece of the huge 35-per-cent market share Callave had handed through its two subsidiaries, Silver Wing Holidays and Sunlight Tours.

The resulting oversupply by December saw 115-seat Boeing 720s were flying south with only 10 passengers—led to further price wars among tour operators, retail chains and so-called last-minute deals—compelled that bought up surplus tour seats at a price and offered consumers return tickets to the Caribbean for as little as \$95. "We have a market, is that everyone wants a bargain," said Kenneth Gertner, president of Toronto-based Carousel Tours.

The instigator of this fresh round of discounting was Marlin Travel, which had acquired the respected Ontario operator Callaghan and Shady from the ruins of Callave's collapse. Rod Marlin explains his move: "Callaghan and Shady got turned with bad press, so we were forced to launch a strong campaign to win back the public—incurious in the face of discounting."

Where Marlin led, the other chains greedily followed. "Racon's is out to destroy the independent," charged St. Catharines, Ont., travel agent David Laidlaw. Last-minute deals proliferated, like mushrooms as prices dropped. There were 10 at the height of the price war, before Christmas. But, according to Charles Pinnock, sales manager of Toronto's Travel Save Last Minute Club, only four survived after December, when the tour operators finally consolidated empty spaces on planes and began to run their own last-minute services.

The short-term results of the travel industry's most chaotic season are difficult to gauge. Canadian travellers are struggling home from their bargain vacations with mixed reviews. Eric Cooper, a Newfoundland stockbroker, flew to the Caribbean island of St. Thomas with his wife at a bargain rate after taking advantage of a last-minute re-sale and wound up changing hotels six times in two weeks. The Cooper's first hotel had bare lightbulbs and no-roaches, and a sprawling toilet place outside their bedroom window. "I would advise anybody to give their vacation in advance," says Cooper.

But will Canadians be able to resist the bargain fares to Britain currently being offered as a result of too many planes on North Atlantic runs? Says Wellington Lee, owner of Western Canada's largest independent tour operator, Silver Wing Holidays: "I hope the past winter has taught everyone a lesson. But the airlines can discount when they want, and we can't stop them—that's the constraint of trade."

After the frenzy and fighting have driven all but the strongest out of business, the travellers can look forward to a stable and a highly stratified industry. Because few hotels, airlines and tour operators have extra cash, there may be less attention given to upgrading facilities. But some industry consultants suggest the tourism can focus on growing political ties between American facilities and budget operators for bargain-minded travellers. At Kellogg, a Dartmouth, N.S., travel agent, satisfaction is a time when his clients will be held by the travel industry's hand-sold services. "This plane doesn't fly until it's full!"

But overall the industry is clearly destined for brighter times. Winnipeg's Sheril MacDonald explains her conviction that tourism is a permanent fact of life. "We sell people every pleasure but we are taking a short-term view. We take people's vacation pay and we sell them their dreams."

With Denis Luciani in Vancouver, Sherrill Moss in Callaghan, Peter Callaghan in Toronto, James Callaghan in Winnipeg, Ann Kerr in Toronto and Michael Chapman in Halifax.

Pepin: crude methods



# Springtime for Walker and the USFL

By Hal Quinn

Traditionally, newcomers to professional sports leagues have tried to establish themselves overnight by signing star players at astronomical salaries. The World Hockey Association signed Bobby Hull, the American Football League signed Joe Namath, the World Football League, Larry Coker, the North American Soccer League, P.M. Then last week the fledgling United States Football League signed the best college football player in the United States, Herman Trophy winner Herschel Walker. But, along with the alleged credibility, the new league has also reaped a whirlwind of controversy. For one thing, the league broke its own constitution in signing the 20-year-old tailback. For another, Walker had about the last that he had signed the deal and he admitted it when he was ruled ineligible to return to college to play his senior year with the University of Georgia Bulldogs.

But the Walker controversy was only one of many upheavals that have rocked the steadily waning existence of a program that developed from an idea formulated two years ago by a New Orleans art dealer. David Dixon's notions pro football in springtime. A broadcast market research firm reported that three out of four football fans would watch it. Investors were overjoyed, and franchises (about \$6 million each) were allocated to the top eight television markets in the United States, along with four other cities. A year later, two-year contracts were signed with the American Broadcasting Companies (\$30 million) and cable's Entertainment Sports Programming Network (\$16 million), with several million dollars for Canadian rights added by Caring O'Keefe Breweries. The league was bustling, radio rights sold, Pan American World Airways became the league's "official airline," Miller High Lite its "official beer" and Pony II "official hat." The USFL was a multimillion-dollar concern before a single player or coach was signed.

Initially, the USFL professed the same policy toward college athletes as the National Football League—no players would be drafted or signed until they were in their graduating year, in Walker's case the spring of 1984. To that end, the new league recruited coaches Hugh Campbell of the Edmonton Eskimos and Ray Zurch of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, among others, and

signed some three "name" players along with several lesser U.S. college stars. But none of the agreements survived the importations, negotiations or on-site quality of Walker's.

The 20-year-old's career (he is also a world-class sprinter) has not been without ups and downs. After his 1980 freshman year, when the six-foot-two-inch, 220-lb tailback rushed for 1,634 yards, he



Walker: the most lucrative contract

rejected a \$1.6-million offer from Nelson Stadium, then owner of the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League. After his sophomore year, when he gained 1,878 yards, he threatened to take the NFL to court because of its undergraduate signing policy. When he had gained 1,752 yards this year, Walker resigned his offer the National Collegiate Athletic Association rules he would be ineligible to play in

his fourth year if he signed or negotiated with the pros. As a result, he dismissed an offer of more than \$30 million from the NFL's Chicago Bears. But then, on Feb. 17, he reconsidered his future and signed a deal with the New Jersey Generals. It included a verbal agreement allowing Walker 84 hours to review his decision to sign, an option that he exercised two hours later.

To put an end to the rumors circulating about the deal, Walker originally acknowledged that he had met with the Generals' owner, J. Walter Duncan, Jr., he added. "There really was no offer. I never considered leaving Georgia. In my heart and soul I want to finish college and get my degree. Money is not the key to my life." Then, after the NCAA ruled that Walker had become ineligible to play collegiate sports because of his talks with Duncan, the young running back admitted that he had signed the most lucrative contract in football history, worth as much as \$65 million over perhaps six years. "I wish to apologize to [Georgia] coach [Vince Dooley], the University of Georgia and all the people who have been my loyal friends," Walker said. "I ask for your forgiveness and ask God for His forgiveness."

The NFL owners who had expected to draft Walker next year were outraged. Dooley declared that he was "mad at Herschel," as his hopes for a fourth Southeastern Conference title evaporated. And educators were threatened, but, as Dartmouth football coach Joe Yukawa said, "He is getting more money than most students who interrupt their education." Commanded 1981 Congressional Chet Rasmussen, referring to the NFL's purported policy of not signing undergraduates. "Here we could have said no. We had to make a tough decision, and I made it with all good conscience." As New York sportswriter George Vecsey noted, the NFL "does not have time to be nice. Economics, not ethics, are in control here."

The economies speak for themselves. The Generals sold 1,200 season tickets the day after Walker's confession and another 3,800 the following day. But, as the former owners of franchises in the defunct World Hockey Association, World Football League and American Basketball Association know, it takes more than one player to make a league. But at least Walker will not have to worry about tuition fees if he ever decides to finish that criminology degree. ☐

## "SOMETHING CALLS ME BACK... TIME AND TIME AGAIN."

Pat Morrow is a climber-photographer. He was the second Canadian to reach the summit of Mt. Everest in October, 1982. His next trip to Yukon and Alaska will be his twelfth.

I've been to some of the most spectacular places in the world. But the region I keep going back to is Yukon and Alaska. There's a magic there. A feeling you really have to experience first hand. Perhaps it's the challenge of trying to capture even a small part of that magic in my photographs that makes me return, to climb and explore the far reaches of that beautiful land. Maybe it's the sense of discovery in seeing the mountains, the wildlife, the beauty. Whatever the reason, each time I go back I'm welcomed warmly. And it feels like I'm coming home again.

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COVER

## John le Carré's trail of terror

By Mark Abley

**T**he remote cliff-top house confronts the Atlantic Ocean on the northwest tip of England, a world away from the sour heroines and shabby denets of international espionage. Its spacious, elegant drawing room could be the retreat of an 18th-century nobleman, a collector of Old Master drawings and oriental tapestries. Only the occasional detail suggests that the elegant Cornish hideaway, 15 km from Penzance, belongs to no ordinary millionaire. A glass case hanging on John le Carré's bathroom wall displays 19 varieties of knots—a fitting domestic emblem for a man whose novels contain even more. Indeed, no other writer has understood so deeply the garbled process of betrayal—just how easily sweet intentions and high ideals become entangled in the rope of human lives. Now, with the publication of his 10th book, *The Little Drummer Girl*, le Carré has wound the public world of politics and diplomacy around the inner worlds of justice and despair. And never have the knots been so tight.

For the first time in years, George Smiley does not help with the unraveling. Smiley, the quiet, bespectacled spy whose corrosive perceptions have always granted readers some fine ground in the quietest of international espionage, has been ordered back into retire-

ment. And so has his war, the vicious undeclared one between East and West in which le Carré gave muscle and spine to such best sellers as *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, *Tracker*, *Tinker, Soldier, Spy* and *Smiley's People*. For a postwar generation skeptical of the goodness of James Bond, le Carré's earnest agents have been as true to life as tank and tank. When *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* appeared, 20 years ago—and was reprinted 12 times in six weeks—Graham Greene pronounced it "the best spy story I have ever read." Indeed, in the past two decades many critics have been even more effusive. They call John le Carré the master spy novelist of all time. And with the TV broadcast of *Smiley's People*, le Carré's master spy, played by Sir Alec Guinness, has become an international hero, the man who could not be bought.

With *The Little Drummer Girl*, le Carré has abandoned the polite chess game of the Cold War. He has plunged instead into a very hot and current struggle of hand grenades and fragmentation bombs, the brutal campaign of terror waged by the Israelis and Palestinians. In the first printing of 400,000 volumes, readers will find a central character as feminine as Smiley was stolid. Charlie, an idealistic young actress and a political innocent, has been chosen to lead an imaginative journey, one that parallels a personal journey of

le Carre's from initial sympathy for the Israelis to a scathing, bitter magnification of Palestinian agonies and pain. But the plot is as labyrinthine as ever. But the passion of the writing, kindled by an overwhelming concern for peace in the Middle East, is unshared. Out of his sorrow and fury le Carre has written a novel that runs elegantly along the politics of the Middle East. With *The Little Drummer Girl* he has transcended his fluent outsize as a thriller writer, creating a novel as intense and as morally complex as the best of Graham Greene himself.

Like Greene, le Carre has focused on issues of loyalty and betrayal, and specifically the betrayal committed by Mahmoud Sadr's government. Last June, when the Israelis poured into Lebanon, he made his sympathies clear in an article in the *London Observer*. "It is the most strange irony that Egypt and its generals cannot see how close they are to inflicting upon another people the disastrous errors inflicted upon themselves."

**Warrior creates:** *The Little Drummer Girl* begins with an act of warzone cruelty: the murder of an Israeli child in Germany. The killing is only the latest in a campaign of bombings directed by Western Europe, with Palestinian Jews as the targets. The Israeli Intelligence knows where some of the bombers are but it cannot trace their leader, a brilliant, naive Palestinian named Khalil. Determined to eliminate him by any means, they convince Charlie to accept a starring role in the "theatre of the real" in exchange for the allegiance of her soul. She willingly becomes an outcast, staying at Palestinian refugee settlements and undergoing military training in an Arab camp. When she returns to Europe to recruit, the Israelis expect that she will serve as the bait with which they can at last hook Khalil. But Charlie, like le Carre, has been shaken and appalled by the suffering she has witnessed in Lebanon. Whatever she chooses to do will be a betrayal.

Like his heroines, *The Little Drummer Girl* will make both sides uneasy. Says Canadian author Marjorie Richier, himself a Jew and a friend of le Carre's: "It's very far-out and busy and it's le Carre's best. The measure of his fairness is that it will be offensive to some

Palestinians and to some Zionists." Maj.-Gen. Shimon Garti, former head of Israeli military intelligence, also a friend of le Carre's and now president of Ben-Gurion University in Neger, commented: "Let's just say that it is a great thriller. But it is totally unrealistic. I was unhappy from the professional point of view because the chances of such as Israeli plan succeeding are one in 10,000."



Smiley model Wylan Groat: well-bred treachery

le Carre himself is resigned to the fact that neither side will be pleased by his controversial new novel. But at 51, re-operative David Cornwell, alias John le Carre, is no stranger to controversy, and he is certainly not prepared to rest on his laurels. Interviewed by *Melburn*'s in his comfortable Cornwall home, he explained his move into the Middle East and the dismissal of his loyal spy: "I had had enough of Smiley," he says. "His profound disenchantment with the world seemed to be, at times, an excuse

for not engaging in it."

Le Carre, far out, is anything but disengaged from the world. Researching *The Honourable Schoolboy* in the war zone of Southeast Asia in 1974, he traveled with *Washington Post* correspondent David Greenway, submitting photographs to the newspaper under the double pseudonym of Janet Leigh Carr. In 1977 le Carre made his first visit to the Middle East, traveling to Syria, Jordan, Israel and Lebanon—the

evolving territory then controlled by the Palestine Liberation Organization. During the next few years he often returned to the region, the one occasion resulting in a gun-a-longed encounter with PLO leader Yasser Arafat. "I was very much moved by him," le Carre says. "It's true that in his younger days Arafat was disarmed, cultured, but the impression that he now exerts upon the Palestinians is an excellent one. It is ridiculous that he is branded as the great badde of the Palestinian movement, when, probably, he will die within his own organization because he is so dovish."

**Chilling:** le Carre has no illusions about the frustration of the fighter on either side. The model for Taji, a sympathetic Palestinian leader in *The Little Drummer Girl*, was a secret, Iraqi PLO commander whom he met in the Lebanese city of Tyre. le Carre has since learned names that, during the Israeli invasion, the commander and his men were surrounded by hostile troops. The Palestinian, who was holding two young prisoners around whose heads he had long explosives, told the Israeli commander, "I'm going to blow these boys up unless you withdraw." When the Israelis obeyed, he blew them up anyway. The Israeli returned and welcomed him to death. "It's a very chilling story," le Carre murmurs, "and absolutely typical of the breed."

That winter le Carre returned to Lebanon to visit the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps and to research locations for the film version of *The Little Drummer Girl* with director George Roy Hill. (The *Prissy* afterward, consumed in his office, returned, and sipping a glass of dry white wine, he comfortably answered questions about espionage and terrorism but he refused to discuss his own financial success. "I'm independent of the money system," he said guardedly. le Carre's security is a private victory and it has not been easily captured. The road to three



Smiley and Taji in scene from Smiley's People; once again, Taji, Teller, Smiley. Gay (below), the shifting world of international espionage



houses—in Cornwall, London and Switzerland—has successful thrillers and family contentment has been neither simple nor straightforward. "Graham Greene has that little phrase that child hood is the best because of the survival," says le Carre. "I think a great part of one's adult life is concerned with getting even for the slights one suffered as a child."

For le Carre, the injuries began soon after his birth, on Oct. 19, 1930, in the quiet south-coast town of Poole. His father, Ronald, was a businessman of enormous charm, fluctuating wealth and occasional pit sentences. His marriage to his wife, Olive, broke up when David was five. The boy was prominently shunted off to the floor of a series of boarding schools, his only ally was his brother, Tony, two years his senior, and they were often separated. After leaving home, le Carre did not see his mother, who now lives alone on the other side of England, until he was 21. "I don't remember the things I suppose I must have missed, like a mother," he says wistfully and unconsciously. Says Tony Cornwell: "The business is a sort of surreal abstraction."

**Discontent:** le Carre's father died in 1955. For him, the winter has feelings of hatred and frustration, mixed with love. At an early age he knew betrayal as intimately as love. "Our father was just a guy who studied on at school," says Tony. "He had undoubted shrewdness and ability and an equally fatal flaw of dilettantism." During the Second World War, when most fathers were serving their country, Ronald Cornwell was avoiding it. Heavily le Carre: "My father, I know, was spending and profligating, doing a quiet line on the black market, and contriving by staying in Germany, to keep out of doing his military service. Every time he got into the army, he applied to become a parliamentary candidate. So they had to let him out again." The disaffected schoolboy dreamed of glory as a spy or writer, at the same time feeling like a prisoner. He was quickly learning the uses of a reputation for being neglected. When he was 19, he charmed the headmaster's secretary into typing some of his stories. But when the headmaster found out, he flew into a rage and branded the tales as "trash."

In adolescence, distinguished by his best poetry and a fervent piety, le Carre attended the exclusive Sherborne School, founded in 1606, where later recorded the setting for the film *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Like Anthony Blunt, Kim Philby and Guy Burgess, le Carre was trained to rule an empire. Explains Tony Cornwell: "Our father wanted us to go to the kind of schools that would give us a wily-wily entrée into the British establishment." And

even when Rosalie Carrwell was losing the Hfl, he encouraged his sons to pray, says that Shakespeare could be beaten for not earning their Bole on top of their pile of books.

When he was 16, Le Carré left Sherborne and enrolled in the University of Bonn, in Switzerland. He would soon acquire an intimate knowledge of European life, British espionage and German literature—all of which have remained important parts of his life. "As Chatterknight said, 'To have another language is to possess a second soul,'" remarks Le Carré, "and I am about possessing German culture like nothing on earth. In the process, because I was angry, I rejected my own."

During his year at Bonn, Le Carré became a first-class skier, self-indulging himself in cash often as was watching elephants. But in 1945 he took a train ride through the Soviet zone in Germany to Berlin, a city in ruins and smoldering with death. There he taught the nuns and had to be treated in a semi-comforted hospital built in the old underground. In Le Carré's novels, as in Greene's, people who are ignorant of war are seldom portrayed with respect. That experience gave him a sudden education in suffering other than the one he had known as a child.

**Rare language:** Le Carré gained further acquaintance with grief when, in 1950, he was assigned to "Station G" in Vienna, Austria. His job was to question the refugees who came streaming over the borders—"the real tragedies of all wars, the hot and the cold," he says. "I met people who had been in prison or price camps almost since infancy, people who had never had homes at all." Still, Le Carré admits that



Le Carré with Jane and Nicholas in 1977: getting even for childhood injuries

his work extended beyond mere interrogation. "We also did low-grade intelligence operations, finding people who would go into what was then occupied Austria and make little reconnaissance." It was the world of *The Third Man*, where every street could mask a different menace and every face a different lie. The postwar head of British intelligence in Vienna, Gen. Sir John Hackett, recalls the contrasting styles of the Americans and the British. "They were all for the statistical approach, while we were all Bertrams. About once a week the Americans would be ready to pack their bags, thinking that a new world war was about to break out, and one had to tell them to take it steady. After a while, we found out that they were using quite a lot of discredited agents of sorts."

Returning to England in 1952, le

Carré resumed his acquaintance with his country's most august institutions. He spent four pleasant years at Oxford studying German and in 1954 he married Ann Sharp, daughter of an RAF staff sergeant. Aware that he possessed a selective gift, but unsure how to use it, he accepted a teaching position at Eton, the cradle of all England's crummy schools. On the side, he tried his hand as a freelance illustrator, working largely on "cheerful children's books." But two years at Eton convinced him that a lifetime of teaching was a dismal prospect, he joined the Foreign Office—and the grey world of espionage.

Le Carré's career as a spy has been an open secret for many years. But until now he has insistently denied it. "I'm no spy," he told the London Sunday Times in 1964. "Any expertise I have on espionage is just a gimmick." He repeated that theme for nearly two decades, tentatively (as a New York Times correspondent) adding, "If you or I wrote a novel about a brooch-keeper, people wouldn't at once assume that we had been brooch-keepers." But the legend persisted that he had indeed been involved in espionage, a legend that he now admits is true. From 1956 to 1958 he worked for the British Foreign Office in London, Bonn and Hamburg, carrying out a combination of official and undercover business. His work as a "second secretary" involved more than reading briefs and preparing and delivering the appropriate cocktail parties. Explaining his duties in Germany, Le Carré selects his words with care. "All sorts of Foreign Office activities spill over into the secret side, inevitably," he says. "But not all of them are half as interesting as we fiction writers would wish them to be. The difference between being a man with a turn-of-mind and being in some doorway and the work that I was en-

gaged in is absolute." He will not be drawn further, beyond a half-smiling admission that the frequent visits he paid to Berlin were not made for personal enjoyment.

With the publication of his first book, *Call for the Dead*, in 1963, David Carrwell gave birth to his two most enduring creations: George Smiley, who made his debut as Tim L, and John le Carré, who took credit on the dust jacket. And Le Carré still has his own stock of stationery beside David Carrwell's. Le Carré insists that adopting a pseudonym as a novelist was merely the gentlemanly thing to do as a member of the Foreign Office. But he admits that he sought an air of mystery and strangeness in his choice. He's now confident that the much-repeated tale attributing the name John le Carré to a London street sign was a fabrication designed to please the press. By 1963, with the publication of his third book, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, John le Carré was the darling

of the international media, and David Carrwell was free to leave government service to become a full-time writer.

In the margin of his two careers—both fantasies of a skewed boyhood—le Carré discovered that they covered similar territory. Both spies and writers work alone, furiously, reporting on the behavior of their neighbors and depending on the people they observe. To distinguish his "Circles" (London headquarters of British intelligence) from those worlds of other novels, he adopted or invented a small armada of words: "pavement artist" (stake or talk); "dog" (agent or subject); "bodyguard" (bodyguard); it is widely agreed that many of his words have been put to use by both British and U.S. intelligence. In the consensus is that his portrait of intelligence work is highly romanticized. "The real thing is rather duller," says Hackett. "He is not a great deal of drama into what is really a lot of hardwork and analysis."

But Le Carré simply uses the conventional apparatus of spying to convey his perceptions about men and to gain an edge on reality. A witness of the dark underbelly of the world, he is not a man of letters. "The real thing is rather duller," says Hackett. "He is not a great deal of drama into what is really a lot of hardwork and analysis."

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intentions that amid tickering and red tape. Says Henry Rossiter, former CIA agent and author of *KGB: The Rites of Power*: "Generally, people in intelligence had le Carré for one thing: he writes very good English."

Le Carré's art attempt to escape the fictional game of mass and espionage ended in failure. *The Name and Sentimental Letter* (1977), an excursion into the philosophy and practice of love, was received so harshly that the words still rattle. "The general opinion," he says dryly, "is that the book showed what a good writer I was not." But his next novel, *Travis, Taylor, Soldier, Spy* (1978), to many, repeats his old dilemma. To many, *Travis, Taylor* seems the definitive analysis of well-learned trenchancy as a story for a wasted generation that made some sense of the previously inexplicable scenes of *Philby*, *Rossiter* and company. The cynicism and fighting at *The Circus* provide a

conviction that Sir Maurice Oldfield, the partly former head of G-6, was the man—especially when Le Carré arranged for Sir Alec Guinness to lunch with Oldfield before the shooting of *Travis, Taylor*. At the time of Oldfield's death in 1981, the supposition was announced as fact on a British television program, and an ironic Le Carré demanded airtime to refute the notion even for all.

**Confession:** Now Le Carré admits that while some elements are taken from James Skewton, the interrogator who patiently squashed a confession out of the stoic spy Klaus Fuchs, the primary model was Truman Green. That reassuring Oldfield was a scholar of ancient civilization in Western Europe married to Carré to his first wife, Ann. "He has the gift of quiet," Le Carré explains, "and an immediate obedience. To me, Truman really was a kind of Father Brown, a naive, unassuming, reliable,



Le Carré in Cornwall moving from the Cold War to a fiery hot one

the shadow of an idealized father dreamed by a man who never reconciled himself to his own father's devilish share, can be traced to the secret, unadmitted, sublimated with the voice of a squashed puppet. But Truman Green, sitting in a deep chair beside the fire in his book-lined study, insists that he is a realist, but an old academic. He prefers to take none of *Smiley's* perceptive and general intelligence, his idealistic style, his slightly detached view of the world and his love for German literature—all of which had a place in the complex nature

of *Smiley's* creation. John le Carré "does not in his time play many parts," declares a character in *Shakespeare's As You Like It*, but the former teacher, artist, diplomat and spy knows as John le Carré can manage through many parts in an hour than some people manage in a lifetime.

The amazing talent for mimicry that Le Carré developed in boyhood enables him to assume, at a moment's notice, the exact voice of an Afghan tribal chief, a female Soviet assassin or Sir Alec Guinness' wife, Monica. Says A. Alvarez, British master of *The Savage God*: "What makes the man such good company is also what makes the world such poor company. One of the pleasures of reading his work is the momentary atrophy of the voice." But Le Carré makes other people laugh more easily than he laughs himself, and he is

They Converge: An intimate acquaintance with Britain's upper institutions



quickly bored. He admits to few forms of relaxation apart from his treasured solitary walks around the Cornish cliffs of "Lovers' Leap." "Mostly," he insists, "I worry and I write." Says Alvarez: "Like any other serious writer, he lives like a lighthouse keeper 26 per cent of the time."

The gracious splendor of the Le Carré drawing room contrasts starkly with the sparse study, a high room facing the sea. Le Carré is often busy before 8 a.m. The published texts of each novel occupy several hundred pages, but his original drafts are often four or five times longer. Fortune and fame have not diminished his sensitivity to bad reviews, and he has trusted his two shippers, Macmillan and Whitaker, to goad and soothe furiously whenever he attacks the word "critic."

Despite intermittent bouts of conviviality, Le Carré has few close friends. "If you have just come back from Beirut," he remarks, "knowing what real suffering is, and you go to a Har-

mond dinner party and listen to people talking about their fourth year of analysis, you feel rather short-com-pared with their self-indulgence." Le Carré's first marriage, which had been under strain for years, crumbled in divorce in 1978; the following year he married his present wife, Jane, formerly an editor with his English publisher, Hodder and Stoughton. He has four sons—Simon, Stephen and Timothy by his previous marriage, and Nicholas, 18, from the second one. Friends agree that he is a devoted father. Loyalty, after all, begins at home. The family lives a highly mobile existence, dividing its time between the three houses—"his only extravagance," according to Alvarez—"Victoria to the salt-owed Cornish coast for more certain what is expected. When Graham and his wife arrived to stay, an eccentric neighbor succeeded in convincing them that the house was bugged from floor to ceiling. 'I didn't at first understand,'" Le Carré happily recalls, "why they were always stealing onto the cliffs to have little private talks in the night."

Le Carré has scant affection for the British establishment of which he is so manifestly a product. Still, all his sons have attended private schools, which causes Le Carré no embarrassment. "I felt that the political maybe that has

been united to state education was a sort my children should not share," he says. "I will admit that I'm not putting my children where my mouth is. But then, who does?" His grown-up sons have emerged from their traditional schools with an extraordinary commitment to the developing nations. Simon, 28, the eldest, has spent the past three years co-ordinating relief work among Cambodian refugees in Thailand; Timothy, 26, has taught in Timor before Le



Oliver Moore and Richard Burton in *The Boy Who Cried in From the Cold* beyond the caravans agents from the postwar generation

Carré's second son, Stephen, 26, is a professional photographer who, according to Michael's Beirut correspondent Robin Wright, strongly resembles his father. Says Wright: "He's undaunted by wild places. Stephen clearly wants to do with his camera what his father does with his pen: explore a situation and make it live."

By making situations live, John Le Carré can go some way toward redeeming his childhood. Part of the seriousness at the heart of his character stems from his intensely religious upbringing. When Le Carré left Sherborne, he stayed at an Anglican monastery to contemplate his life in peace, and he has since returned. Through all the fame and

wondering, a religious temperament has endured. "I think all the time about God," he says quietly, "but I find the Christian faith inadequate to my needs, at least as it is incorporated on earth. But I think of myself as being on duty, as with God. If you live off your spirit, off your wit, off your creativity all the time, I don't think you can stop short of investigating

the origins of your own spirit." The God of his childhood fights continuously for the British King and country. But at middle age Le Carré is too seasoned to accept any way political faith. His beliefs are secular, what might be expected of a writer renowned for tales of global confrontation. Soon after the successful Special Air Service siege on the Iranian Embassy in London in May, 1980, Le Carré condemned the attack in *The Observer*. "Before our

very eyes the sleeping policeman is all of us: we are called to arms, institutionalized, dressed in black and bound to kill." His reward was a small flood of hate mail.

Like the world around him, Le Carré's novels smell of danger. Their author knows the priceless value of a good story even the most extraordinary characters can be wasted in a limp plot. But Le Carré's particular gift as a political novelist is his ability to infuse breathtaking tales with a persistent moral resonance. His hesitance to adhere to any abstract creed springs from a conviction that individual lives matter more than dogmas. Yet at least he the stories together," he confesses, "my concerns are with the moral behavior of the different people. What should they do?"

A decent question asked by a decent, worried man. It would be easy for him to bask in the glaucous glow of literary success, but for Le Carré a life of idle leisure is a betrayal. After lunching with British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher this week he plans to return again to the Middle East. His travels there have brought not only a development in his style from the intellectual dross of *Truster, Tester, Soldier, Spy* to the compassion of *The Little Drummer Girl*, but also a change in his life. "I

feel that when I'm with the Palestinians I become radicalized. I'm very disturbed indeed about the injustice." The former spy is going out into the heat.

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## Three forms of triumph

**TOHAKOVSKY VIOLIN CONCERTO**  
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*Kyung Wha Chung, violin; conducted by Charles Dutoit (London/PolyGram)*

The listener's initial disappointment that Kyung Wha Chung chose such overworked concertos for her latest collaboration with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra rapidly gives way to the thrill of eager discovery. Her musical interpolations are brilliantly winning: brisk, youthful, exhilarating, with a miraculously unconstrained play of fantasy. Sometimes her heterodox speed seems excessive, but not a note is misplaced, and the purity of tone is never dulled. An occasional surge is lost in haste, but more important is the way both violinist and orchestra revel in sweeping aside the cobwebs of sentiment from both concertos.

**WAGNER: TRISTAN AND ISOLDE**  
*Conducted by Carlos Kleiber (DG/PolyGram)*

Kleiber's assault on this 3 1/4-hour-long tribute to erotic mysticism should draw applause from even habitual detractors of Richard Wagner. Though they may still be appalled by Wagner's long-windedness and insouciance, they may nevertheless surrender to the outstanding lyric and spiritual intensity of the recording. Kleiber's live-cast *Tristan and Isolde* is sensitive and almost hallucinogenic. Expressed in its startling extremes, it also draws on an eccentric calm and resolve. Kleiber elicits a ravishing performance from the Staatskapelle Dresden—at once suffusing the score with serene tenderness and opening up great spaces of sound.

By selecting *Tristan and Isolde*, two superbly lyrical and intelligent singers, rather than a pair of stentorian tone craves, Kleiber has restored both intimacy and vulnerability. Margaret Price's *Isolde* is a triumph, even from Wagner's least musical passages she extracts sublimely lovely sounds. Bass Kollo as *Tristan* needs more steel to dominate the orchestra so gloriously as Price, but his singing too has great purity and masculinity. Their "love duet" is rapturous. Brigitte Fassbinder is a perfectly adequate *Brangäne*, though somewhat light-tongued and unsatisfac-

ing. Detroit's Fischer-Dieskau as *Kurnenk* is too heavy and overbearing, but Kurt Moll's *King Marke* is a most affecting portrayal. And the recording quality is as spectacular as Kleiber's re-thinking of the work itself.

**PAGANINI 24 CAPRICES**  
*Shikoro Nitta, violin (DG/PolyGram)*

Each of Paganini's fearlessly difficult solo violin caprices is a death-defying trapeze act. But Shikoro Nitta's ex-

play virtuosity takes him far beyond the level of mere circus display. His technique is formidable, and he can throw off nightmarish trills and triple-stopping fanfares and droves with ease. But he goes further, shaping each caprice into an attractive and emotionally charged narrative. His playing brings to mind nothing as much as various forms of fight: in one pass the laryngeal growl of a cackling hawk, in another the sickening of swallows, in several the deadly velocity and aim of an assassin's knife.

—JOHN PRANCE

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## FILMS

# A joker in search of an audience



De Niro as comedian Robert Paglie: an extremely ordinary man with a need and a talent for outrageous fantasies

THE KIND OF COMEDY  
Directed by Martin Scorsese

**M**artin Scorsese's *The King of Comedy* is a rare meditation on North America's mania for celebrity. Here, the embodiment of that mania is an aspiring comedian, Robert Paglie (Robert De Niro)—an extremely ordinary man who would be king. Paglie and the rest of the adoring hounds, scrambling at full tilt, each superstar tells show host Jerry Langford. Played surprisingly well by a low-keyed Jerry Lewis, Langford is a generous, kindly man who returns to a pristine, empty apartment which looks more like a space station than a home. Under all the professional and personal stress he is still amiable and generous. On the street he signs an autograph for a visible admirer who is talking to her neighbor at a gay phone booth he refuses to speak to the neighbor, she shouts "You should only get cancer! I hope you get cancer!" At the height of his fame Jerry Langford, obviously modeled on Johnny Carson, is just beginning to recognize the psychosis of celebrity adulation—and he is becoming terrified by it.

With *The King of Comedy*, and especially the character of Robert Paglie, Scorsese is back to the old territory of Travis Bickle, the deranged loser in *Taxi Driver*. But *The King of Comedy* has more of that film's dazzlingly bold

style and vibrant coloring, and Paglie is the outrageous alter ego of the teased, tortured Bickle. What they do have in common is a need—and a talent—for fantasizing. In his house Robert even has a set for his own talk show, complete with large, creepy cardboard cutouts of guests such as Liza Minnelli and Langford himself. A nobody, Robert has dreams that go so far as to include his own wedding to a sardonic bartender (Shoshanna Abbott) on national

**In his new film, director Martin Scorsese focuses on a deranged loner to examine the psychosis of celebrity adulation**

television. As he tries so many stunts as possible to get Langford to listen to his comedy material, he fantasizes the exact opposite of his dreary existence.

Robert breaks out of that drearyness when, with the help of a sidekick—a young show runner named Maiba (Sandra Bernhard)—he kidnaps Langford. As reason Robert demands an opening 10-minute monologue on the show. During that monologue Robert reveals his past: an alcoholic father, an uncaring mother and abuse both at home and at

school. In a scene that crescendos the monologue, Maiba tells Langford how she was never loved and tries to make love with him while he is taped to a chair. Robert's monologue ought to be a more interesting revelation, but the explanations for what he has become are too pat and tie up the movie too tidily. Many people in the audience will already have guessed at the same history. Scorsese has shot *The King of Comedy* in a fairly straightforward style, and few of the flourishes that accented *Mean Streets*, *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull* are in evidence. The lighting quality has changed radically too: sharp, spacious images are filled with bright colors (primarily red, white and blue) and lots of impersonal chrome and Plexiglas. The movie lacks density of texture, which may be a result of Scorsese not working with his usual brilliant cameramen, Michael Chapman. Or he may have felt that in exploring old ground he needed to find a new style. He has, and it is a shame.

As Robert Paglie, De Niro tells the audience everything he can, gives what is available in the script, by former *New Yorker* movie critic Paul D. Zimmerman. Nothing in the role challenges him to do anything new, and De Niro is an automatic pick. *The King of Comedy* is well played and technically accomplished, but no one will emerge from it any the wiser. —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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### Brief encounters

based on the same of several Williamsham plays between two lovers, *Head On* escalates from romance to tragedy. Sissy Kellerman plays Michelle, third-generation rips for extramarital adultery, and Stephen Lack (*The Number One*) is Peter, a university psychologist with a flair for the theatrical. After they meet in a head-on car collision, they launch an affair dedicated to acting out their fantasies. All goes well until Peter starts plotting to win. But the real tragedy in all this is a subplot that sacrifices character to cleverness and passion to plot. Essentially, a viewer gets the way Lack looks—as if the movie had torn him away from an emotional scene of *Armageddon*.

—MAYOR JACKSON

the *Shogun* is an admirable, spiffily revised sequel. The *Shogun* IV moves the story from the 1630s to the 1640s, with MacDew and Jackie Gleason substituting as best they can for Paul Newman and Robert Redford. While the cast isn't too good, the film is a lot better than the first. The meta, Shakespeare-quoting Oliver Reed is not so keen on them all. The plot (by original *Shogun* writer David E. Ward) has as many switches as a subway system and, though it is riddled with holes, it is a lot more fun than the first. It seems all of a role that Devis and Maiden take on the Cyclops at Coasey Island; director Jeremy Paul Nagel (*The Chosen*) straps his camera to the Cyclops' head. Mostly, of a little self-consciously designed, the movie has a breezy air to it and is light on violence. An additional trick, up its sleeve is the major role of Teri Garr, who is as bright and so much

-LOT

times the film. Jon Voight plays an errand-father who takes his three children on a summer cruise vacation. Their mother (Mildred Perkins) is killed in a car crash, and the stepfather (Richard Crenna) comes to claim the kids, but Voight fights to keep them. The title refers to daddy's habit of saying "I love you" to his kids, but the movie itself is extremely filled by another simple theme, played by gungy Marine Christine Barnard: Stepfather and real father decide to do what is best for the kids. To watch the five of them walk arms-in-arm out of the picture is also a powerful notion that Crenna and Voight notice: that Crenna and Voight must eventually marry Voight. It has not crissed so much since "The Gangster's Daughter" (1976), when Christine Barnard is killed. Those pre- to epic sentimentality might consider bringing such a revelation. —L.O.V.

-LOT

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Scene from *Das Rheingold*, a showman's ambition

## TELEVISION

# Staged rebellion

One hundred years after the composer's death, Richard Wagner's epic tetralogy, *The Ring of the Nibelung*, has been produced for television—all 24 hours of it. The achievement is all the more impressive when weighed against the fact that a complete recorded version has been available only since 1968. *The Ring* is a comic parade, drawn from Norse mythology, on the war between love and greed. And, more than most operas, it is a work of the stage. However, this splendid television adaptation, which began March 6 on CBC, has enhanced rather than simply staged Wagner's extraordinary singing demands.

*The Ring* will probably cause as much controversy on the screen as the same production did in 1976 when it debuted at the Bayreuth Festival in West Germany. To mark *The Ring*'s centenary year, the composer's grandson, Wolfgang Wagner, formed the annual non-profit festival over to two Franco-German conductor Pierre Boulez and stage director Patrice Chéreau. What resulted was a production which was initially greeted by boos and catcalls. But after four years in the repertoire it came to be seen as an eclectic work of genius (the current version was filmed in 1996).

Chéreau took his cue from George Bernard Shaw's socialist tract *The Perfect Wagnerite* and wrenched the myth out of Nordic pine forests and misty mountain peaks to set it in the late industrial revolution of Wagner's day. The director manifestly aims to confound the usual interpretations of the characters: the pristine river of the first part, *Das Rheingold*, is stopped by a looming hydroelectric dam, and the innocent sylvan, the Rhine maidens, are brown streetgirls, hiding up their skirts and throwing them over poor, tainted Alberich's head.

Translating the Norse saga into a parable about capitalism is, while unusual, hardly irreconcilable. After all, in 1948, when *The Ring* was conceived, Wagner was feared to live from Dresden because of his revolutionary activities; it was only by the time the mammoth work was produced in 1976 that he had become a reactionary rightist. Chéreau prunes the points the Valhalla of Wotan, the most powerful of gods, displays the furies of a Victorian bank, and its towers sail to rend the skyline of Wall Street. And the stately hall of the Gibichburg, the aristocratic clan of marauders, in *Die Götterdämmerung* resembles a tenement block on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Chéreau tones these symbols around with a showman's abandon.

The other "subversive" was the conductor—the precise disciplinarian Boulez—who caused rebellion in the pit instead of the traditionally dense Wagnerian sound. Boulez' direct spasms, crystalline tones in punctuation for the clearly enunciated text. Despite nostalgia for hyperlyricism, Wagner, this version of *The Ring* will be remembered less as glorious noise than as challenging music drama where form in close-up prove more suggestive than the over-told notes.

That makes it an ideal *Ring* for a television set—tiny speakers might couple under a weightier volume of Wagnerian sound. The silky music and Chéreau's quick-witted, state-of-the-art grasp of metaphor make it a constant treat to watch.

—BILL MACPHEE

# One last look at a brief life

CHAMBERS' TRACKS AND GESTURES  
CBC, March 2

Jack Chambers was born in London, Ontario's Victoria Hospital, in 1923. In 1964 he turned a contemporary snapshot of the unremarkable building where he entered the world into a remarkably haunting painting. The soft and unromantic light of Victoria Hospital became more than a meditation on the artist's birth. In 1968, after fighting leukemia for eight years, Chambers died in Victoria Hospital New, the short and brilliant life of one of Canada's most important artists is the subject of a TV documentary, *Chambers' Tracks and Gestures*. Conceived and researched by Christopher Lowry and directed by John Walker, the hour-long program is a deft and intelligent glimpse of a painter of fierce dedication and uncompromising vision. "Style, in its parent," Chambers once said, "is the tracks and gestures (the artist) makes following his life."

As a young man Chambers studied and painted in Spain. When he returned to his home town in 1961, he gradually developed what he called "a feel for the place"—a considerable understatement. Chambers' "feel" for northwestern Ontario produced his greatest and most evocative works: *101 Towards London No. 1*, *Victoria Hospital and Sunday Morning No. 2*.

Chambers' fascination with photography and his experimental films make him an ideal subject for a documentary. Using archival film footage, photographs, Chambers' own paintings and reminiscences of the people who were close to him, Lowry follows the artist from his childhood in his dad's On more than one occasion, *Tracks and Gestures* quite literally brings to life a Chambers painting—the television screen that reappears in *Sunday Morning No. 2* flickers, the clouds in *101 Towards London No. 2* move across the sky. The effect is perfectly well suited to an artist who used cameras eagerly and believed that the great mysteries of life can be revealed in the most ordinary of objects.

Jack Chambers' paintings have an intensity that makes them seem, as Hans Wolskel, a friend of the artist, once said, "like one last look." The success of *Tracks and Gestures* is that it does not dwell on the biographical details of Jack Chambers' life. Instead, it looks at the reasons behind his intense clarity of vision.

—DAVID MACPHEE



The Drawing Room at historic Ridgely Hall-Ontario  
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## The rise of a native paper

In view of the generally moribund state of the Indian press in Canada, it is not surprising that the meteoric rise of the twice-monthly *Nation's Edge* has spawned a burst of surprise and enthusiasm among media observers. Numerous other native publications have silently folded over the past two years—including the slick Ontario monthly magazine *Ontario Indians* and even the federal government's *Native Perspectives*. Now the *Edge*, a plucky Edmonton-based tabloid newspaper which some observers have likened to the fashionable *Sun* papers, has become the leading voice of Canada's native community. Two years after Apache journalist Ben Buffalo Elder and Bert Crowfoot, a member of the Blackfoot tribe, scraped up \$10,000 to produce the first issue, the *Edge* has attracted more than 5,100 subscribers and reached a circulation of 10,000. Business forecasts were so optimistic in the fall that the paper expanded into national circulation last November.

Calling itself a "newspaper for grass-roots people," the *Edge* has only re-

cently ventured beyond coverage of status Indian affairs in Alberta to issue affecting indigenous Indians and Métis—those without entitlement to such standard Indian benefits as exemption from sales tax—across the country. Still, the paper occasionally strikes a militant note, carrying such headlines as **INDIGENOUS DECLARE WAR**. The subjects covered range from the proposed Stnair River Dam in the Northwest Territories and its threat to the native community to a historical profile on Louis Riel and the teaching of the Cree language.

The paper aspires to commercial independence and, to attract readers, features photos of discretely clad native "sunshine girls." Unlike most native magazines and newspapers, the *Edge* gets only one-fifth of its \$700,000 annual budget from the provincial government. It relies mainly on subscriptions and advertising from small western businesses for its revenues. The Alberta government, which provided \$300,000 in initial seed money in 1989, pumped in another \$125,000 last spring and is committed to two more \$125,000

installments in 1993 and 1994. Still, there have been problems in the *Edge*'s rise. Shortly after it became a national publication, the paper's board of directors uncovered evidence of mismanagement in its accounting department, including bills that were months overdue. The paper nearly closed, and Managing Director Richard Corbese admits that the bed for national distribution was "grossly shaky." Corbese now predicts that the paper will turn a profit in three months.

Bob Rupert, a Carleton University journalism professor who last year completed a national study of native communication, has paid close attention to the paper's rise. "It achieves the *Edge*'s entrepreneurial spirit," he says. Rupert points out, however, that staff ephemera and a shortage of skilled journalists have undermined the paper. And the *Edge* will soon need all the professionalism it can get. Journalist Brenda, a Toronto journalist of Ojibway descent, plans to replace the defunct *Ottawa Indian* with a financially independent national magazine and potential competitor to the *Edge* called *Snowdrift*. But whatever the future of the *Edge*, it can at least take pride in having unleashed a new commercial phase in native journalism.

—ANN WALSHMAN in Toronto, with Lawrence Koppie in Edmonton

## BOOKS

### Waging war on disease

THE YOUNGEST SCIENCE

By Lewis Thomas  
(Penguin Books, 210 pages, \$19.95)

Scientists who can illuminate their disciplines for the general reader are a rare breed. Since his first collection of essays, *The Lives of a Cell*, appeared in 1954, Lewis Thomas has established himself as science's most compassionate and comprehensible advocate. Modeled on the works of the 18th-century French essayist Michel de Montaigne, his elegant ruminations extract humanistic morals from the darkest recesses of scientific research. Nevertheless, his third book, *The Youngest Science*, is surprisingly sober.

As director of the prestigious Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, Thomas, at 89, is a medical mogul whose longevity marks the astounding ascendancy of massively funded medical research in the United States since the Second World War. Richard "Moses of a Medicine" Walther, the book traces the careers of both disciplines and practitioner, with occasional asides detailing his research in pathology and immunology. But the ambient marriage of formal and content breaks down in the 1960s as the colorful thread of Thomas' personal life gets lost in a confusing fabric of scientific research accessible only to his peers.

The lapse is all the more disappointing since *The Youngest Science* is crisscrossed with engaging anecdotes and stimulating insights. For Thomas, entering in the 1930s, medicine was "a profoundly ignorant occupation" capable only of curing for, not curing, the sick; until such drugs as penicillin in 1929, capital wards were still crowded with the victims of syphilis and tuberculosis. As a doctor, however, Thomas decries the decline of curing in medical care and is convinced that hope profoundly affects the progress of a disease, especially cancer.

Like many top scientists, Thomas is both honest and humiliated. In his case, the requisite humility that globally draws parallels between linguistic and biological derivations (he passionately committed to service on fund-raising committees and public health boards, Thomas notes that the words "medicine" and "molecule" share a common root and he is self-effacing to a

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built. Although economic pressure exists in his research, he barely hints that he and his co-workers are on the verge of breakthrough discoveries relating the functioning of the human brain to the body's immune system. Economic references are brief, as a drive with his wife from one university appointment to another, three young daughters miraculously appear in the back seat. And judging from the satirical ode climaxed in the footnote, Thomas also has a poetic gift. In fact, *The Youngest Science*, with its endless lists of Nobel laureates lauding their medical forebears, at times reads like a Homeric poem to a Trojan War against disease.

Not surprisingly, Thomas has impressive credentials in medical technology and occasionally predicts the defeat of cancer by the year 2000. However, he is equally forthright about man's—and especially men's—drift toward self-nihilism. He states unequivocally that women are more innately gifted at the "building up of very small children" and more trustworthy in deciding such major issues as the existence of their nuclear weapon—in even suggests bearing male offspring for a century. That why we help. Although Thomas emphasizes throughout his book that medical advances are much the result of involuntary error as of conscious trial, his prediction that only "irreversible luck" will prevent final cure is not a reassuring prognosis for the human condition.

—MARK CHAMBERLIN

### MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

#### Fiction

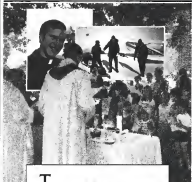
- 1 *Space, Milwaukee (V)*
- 2 *Master of the Game, Sheldon (V)*
- 3 *2018 (Mystery Two, Clarke (V))*
- 4 *Foundations' Edge, Asimov (V)*
- 5 *Difficult Science, King (V)*
- 6 *Myriad's Daughter, Korman (V)*
- 7 *The Perished Novels, Ludlum (V)*
- 8 *The Moon of Jupiter, Moore (V)*
- 9 *The Proletariat Daughter, Armitage (V)*
- 10 *Floating Dragon, Strindberg*

#### Nonfiction

- 1 *Grice: An Intimate Portrait of the Liberal Party, McCaslin (V)*
- 2 *The Establishment: More A Portrait of Power, Newman (V)*
- 3 *Why We Act Like Canadians, Bertram (V)*
- 4 *Walker in Wonderland, Folsom (V)*
- 5 *The 1776 Diet, Ryan*
- 6 *In Search of Excellence: Peters and Waterman Jr. (V)*
- 7 *The Secretary's Agendas, Foster (V)*
- 8 *Myriad's Daughter, Korman (V)*
- 9 *Beasts and Hell in the 19th, Joubert and Young (V)*
- 10 *Towers of Gold, Fort of Clay, Stewart (V)*

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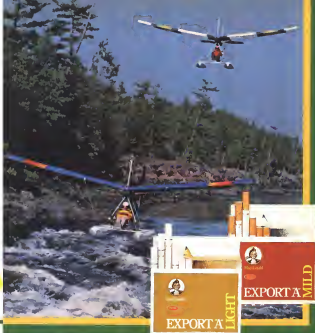
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WALBRIDGE Health and Western Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.  
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Export "A" Light Regular "tar" 10.0 mg nicotine 0.8 mg King Size "tar" 11.0 mg nicotine 0.8 mg



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